"WHO'S AFRAID OF THE BIG, BAD WOLF?"—BY LAWSON WOOD.

1/=

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The Sketch

No. 2139.—Vol. CLXV. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 24, 1934. ONE SHILLING.

THE GREAT BERGNER'S CATHERINE THE GREAT.

*MISS ELISABETH BERGNER, who is drawing all London to see her as Gemma Jones, the elfin-waif heroine of "Escape Me Never," is the superbly royal Empress of the London Film Productions' "CATHERINE THE GREAT." She could not see herself on the screen at the picture première, for it took place on Friday at the Miracles Theatre, Paris; and Mr. Cochran could not spare her for even one night from the cast of "Escape Me Never." So she had her dressing-room at the Apollo linked up with the Miracles Theatre, Paris, by telephone cable.*

# MOTLEY NOTES.

## By ALAN KEMP.

### PEOPLE.

THEY have a saying in the North: "There 's nowt so queer as folk." There is a lot in it—there is always a lot in anything which comes from the North. (Being a Southerner, and proud of it too, I consider this a handsome admission.) There is no limit to the queerness of folk. When we are just young and bright enough to be severely critical, we read Dickens and condemn his characters as fantastic exaggerations of human nature. As we become less young and correspondingly less bright, we gradually realise that you cannot exaggerate human nature. You certainly cannot exaggerate it for ill, and in my rosier moments I am inclined to think that you cannot exaggerate it for good either. For example, pluck: we have all known people whose feats of pluck, in the face of every possible disaster, have left us simply gasping; and pluck is the one indestructible thing: you may smash atoms and pulverise universes—the scientists are all doing it at this moment—but, so long as there is one man left on earth to shake his fist at the sky as it falls down on him, nobody can say that humanity is a complete wash-out. On the debit side are the real, dyed-in-the-wool, engine-turned, château-bottled wrong 'uns. They exist. It is said that it is impossible for anybody to be wholly bad. Well, I hope so, and no doubt most of us are of a speckled or worsted weave; but I have met people in whom I have tried to discover a redeeming feature, and I have not found it easy. All one can say is that, since there is no accounting for tastes, their mothers must have loved them. Mind, I do not blame them—they are just built like that, and one becomes more and more convinced that it is foolish to judge people for the way they are built, even though the logical result of that principle may be that you can't really blame anybody for anything. I am not at all sure that you can—far better to leave the invidious task to the Recording Angel.

### "THE SKETCH" SILVER PRINTS.

*Every week the enthusiasm for our Silver Prints increases. It will be remembered that we began this series of our film favourites, printed by an entirely new method, with a study of Miss Jean Harlow in blue and silver, and followed with others of the Misses Marlene Dietrich, Greta Garbo, and Joan Crawford. On December 27 we began a new series in black and silver, with a portrait of Miss Norma Shearer, and continued with studies of the Misses Constance Bennett, Claudette Colbert, and Ruth Chatterton. This week we give a study of Miss Mae West—"Come up and see me sometime!" And next week we shall publish one of*

MISS KATHARINE HEPBURN.

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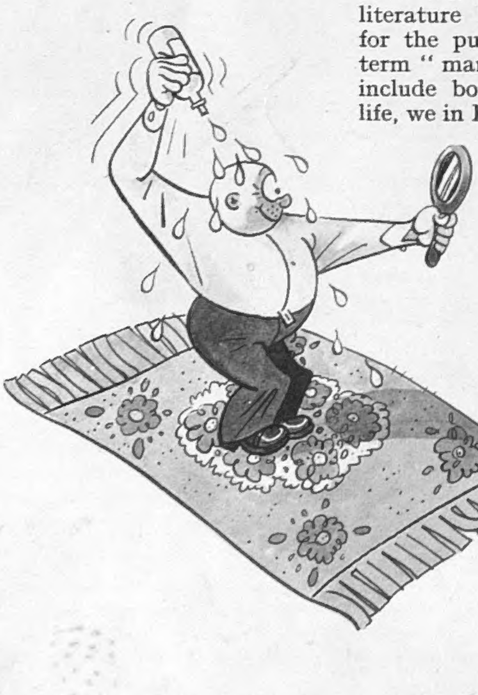
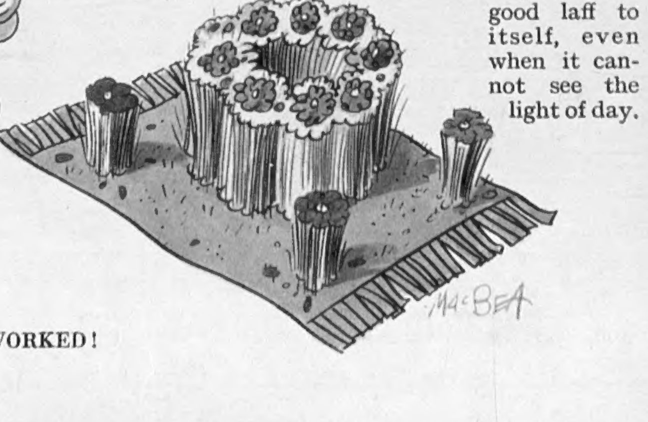
The queerness of folk makes them inexhaustibly interesting to those who are alive to the "human comedy." I seem to have read somewhere that the proper study of mankind is man, and I have also gathered from all the literature I have ever read that, for the purposes of this Act, the term "man" shall be deemed to include both sexes. In ordinary life, we in England are less devoted to this study than are other nations. Self-revelation on the one hand and inquisitiveness on the other cause us profound discomfort, and our assumption, or pose, is that our real selves could not possibly be of interest to anybody else, and that it is an impertinence for anybody else to pretend to be interested in them. Being British, I naturally prefer this system to the promiscuous soulfulness which is so embarrassing when you meet it, but our "reserve" undoubtedly means that the conversation of a great many Englishmen is, so to speak, strenuously futile, because they shy away from anything which really matters to them through the morbid fear of becoming "heavy" or "intense." The average Englishman always has a sense of shame in saying anything which he really believes or to which he attaches real importance. They go to the other extreme on the Continent, where a casual acquaintance will have no hesitation in telling you the story of his life, and discussing his most intimate private affairs, which are very interesting to him, and which he assumes will be equally interesting to you. And so they may be; they may also—as we have all learned for our sins—be extremely tiresome.

It is amusing to observe how in England, about Christmas time, there is a kind of general truce of the customary keep-yourself-to-yourself. You would almost think that Britons had turned Froggies or Dagoes, to hear the way they talk to and about each other! It came to pass last December that I had to make a complicated, cross-country train-journey, involving four changes. It is a grand way to see England (if England is not as it was then, entirely enveloped in fog), and it is a grand way to see life. I never heard English men and women so communicative. There was, for instance, the porter on a great junction-station of which I will speak no ill, except that it must be the most bleak, inhospitable, and revolting station in the civilised world. A natural orator was that grey-headed porter, and as tall a man as any's in Illyria! He gave me as good a discourse on the burning question of railways *versus* road-transport as I expect to hear, incidentally roaming over a large field of political, economic, and ethical questions.

There was the very chummy, waggish young man who had recently been to a whist-drive where every member of his family came away with a prize. His mother got a duck, and he—would you believe it, they gave him a *flap-jack*! By Jove, that was a good one! How we all laughed at that! And there was the nice neat little elderly man, who chatted away pleasantly, and addressed everybody as "friend." In the middle of one of his carefully aspirated sentences, he said casually: "Of course, three years ago I unfortunately lost my sight." Then he told us, to the great delight of his wife, how his principal solace in life was the wireless, and how he spent hours and hours listening to it. And when his wife was buying a paper, he turned to me confidentially and said: "As a matter of fact, I don't care for it very much, but I like her to think so, or she 'd get worried." Every now and then his thoughts would wander off, and he would say irrelevantly: "I often have a good laff to myself!" Well, there 's nowt so queer as folk. I could not see much to laff at in the lot of that little man, whose sun had suddenly gone out. Thanks, thanks, to thee, my worthy friend, for the lesson thou hast taught—namely, that it is a poor heart that cannot have a good laff to itself, even when it cannot see the light of day.






THE HAIR TONIC THAT OVER-WORKED!

DRAWN BY MACBEA.

1. *Winter-sportsland is an International playground, where the beauties of all nations congregate. On this page we give typical examples of French, English, German, and American ski-enthusiasts. This is Mlle. Ingrid de Nagi, from FRANCE.*

2. *Mlle. Gueri comes from FRANCE also.*

3. *Miss Irene Mann-Thompson is a typical ENGLISH girl.*

4. *Fräulein Miyam Schaller represents modern GERMANY—very different from the pre-war type of Teutonic Hausfrau!*

5. *Miss Harriet Lucas, with her gay smile, is AMERICA, 1934—a charming export from the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave.*

# NATIONAL BEAUTIES IN AN INTERNATIONAL PLAYGROUND.

*The* HON. MRS. ESMOND HARMSWORTH, *wife of Lord Rothermere's heir, wore a lovely fur coat over her white-and-silver dress. She is with* MRS. RALPH CAZENOVE.

PRINCESS ASPASIA OF GREECE *at dinner at St. Moritz, with the* DUC DE CHAULNES *and the* DUC DE LUYNES.

MRS. EDWARD DE WINTON WILLS, *wearing light blue, snapped in the Bar, where everyone goes after the St. Moritz Embassy closes down.*

# SNOW ASIDES.

By

PAMELA MURRAY.

A DEPUTATION of Cresta riders has pointed out to me that Shuttlecock is eighteen inches lower than last year—not Battledore, as I stated. This slip was due to having always thought that Battledore was Shuttlecock, if you know what I mean, and not to a sense of playfulness, because one mustn't treat the Cresta lightly, old boy—it 's the backbone of St. Moritz, and the reason why everybody comes here—not the Palace Bar, as you may have thought. There are twenty-two riders—an advance on last season. When Mr. Richard (" Dick ") Winsloe traded in his skeleton for two pairs of skis (shouts of " Fie ! ") there were twenty-one, but Arthur Abegglen arrived from Sestrières to keep up the quota, and Lord Grimthorpe 's due for the Curzon Cup, also Jack Mitford. This " carnival of sport " must be reviewed next week ; meanwhile Mr. " Leo " Lonsdale has won the Lady Ribblesdale Handicap on the coldest and windiest morning of the winter. We are glad, because " Leo " is (*a*) a good fellow ; and (*b*) out of luck since his major crash two years ago. The new President, Harry Hays Morgan, was third (scratch), which pleased him as an improvement on his own form. The gallery were few and frozen.

This appointment of Harry Morgan as President was rather unexpected, but entirely popular. A Frenchwoman asked about somebody to-day, saying : " *Faites un peu de* ' Who 's Who '." We must do this by Harry, who, apart from being the brother of the Morgan twins, Thelma Lady Furness and Mrs. Gloria Vanderbilt, also of Mrs. Benny (Tamar) Thaw, is quite a character. Very quiet with charming manners, he speaks excellent Spanish, having had a South American mother, and his English is very faintly flavoured with Americanese. His wife was wealthy Mrs. Edith Arnold, of Philadelphia, and they have a daughter nearly one month old. Harry also has the finest collection of St. Moritz club badges ever made. In serried rows, they go the whole way round his dark blue " porter's " cap, representing over fifty thousand francs in club subscriptions. Some, such as the Olympic Team Bob badge and the Corviglia Life Membership, are now as rare as " extinct bird in four letters " (a chance for cross-worders), which also applies to his Cresta badges, dating from the Roaring 'Twenties. " How terribly thrilling ! " Another sidelight on " the magical Morgans."

At the same momentous meeting, Mr. Francis Curzon, " Father of the Cresta " (or is that Colonel Moore-Brabazon's caption ?), was elected Honorary Life President, and a bit of the run named after him. He made a delightful, dignified speech, I 'm told, and certainly deserves the honour, having worked all this century to make the Cresta what it is to-day—a very fast slide from St. Moritz Church to Celerina Station, patronised by brave men of all nations (get out your flags, girls !) in crash helmets, whose active day ends at 11 a.m. This wise-crack doesn't apply to Jack Heaton, who skis superbly for a non-ski-er, or to " Suicide Freddy " MacAvoy and Major Jack Thompson, bobbers both, or to " Leo " Lonsdale, who has to catch the Suvretta bus, or to any other rider. Just a crack.

While Mr. Francis Curzon presides over the Cresta, his wife curls, and beautifully. She took it up a few years ago when Mrs. Tim Hope was so keen (let 's hope the Hopes will come out again), and is now first-class. Her children are with her, including Maureen Dunville, who will be a nice-looking débutante when time has flown. Those who turn up their sophisticated profiles at curlers are all wrong. It 's an intelligent game, played in the sunshine by good-natured people, elderly in the majority, but considerably more active than the bobbers who rise at 12.30, lunch, motor to the run, sit on a bob while it goes downhill, drive up again in a car, partake of light refreshment in the club-house, and repeat thrice, before repairing to the Kulm and Palace Bars for pick-me-ups.

A few years ago novices were turned on to the nursery slopes with skis, sticks, and a blessing. After many falls they became fairly competent or remained hopeless. In either case the style was lamentable. All is changed since the organisation of ski-schools into classes and nationalities. You have to do what the others do, and like it. There 's discipline and vigilant supervision. Charlie Schaer (happily recovered from his terrible accident with the late Commander Geoffrey Rodd) and partner have the longest waiting-list. Getting into Charlie's class is like getting into Eton. You have to be " down " in advance. Mrs. Freddie Cripps promptly went to ski-school and shapes satisfactorily. Those who go well to hounds or are good pilots usually get the knack. She wanted to learn turns before she could run straight, but is now resigned to obeying orders. Colonel Cripps, in one of his fascinating tweed ulsters or Inverness capes (not to be confused with the Loch Ness carp), watches bobbing with Prince René de Bourbon, who 's one of the most popular men here, as usual. Only Borotra wears a better béret better, but Prince René's look of ex-King Alfonso wins the set.

AT A PALACE GALA. Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth dancing with Captain " Lex " Wilson, who leaves shortly to join his wife in Paris. They are one of the best-looking and best-dressed racecourse couples. He looks like a member of " Buck's," and is.

Sir Alfred Beit, second Baronet, dancing with pretty little Mrs. Edgar Selwyn, whom you 've seen on the screen as Ruth Wilcox, in support of Diana Wynyard and others. She 's a " featured player " who 's being " nursed for stardom," in movie parlance.

Mlle. Estelle de Castéja (whose brother married Mrs. Reggie Fellowes' daughter) looking charming with circular diamanté bindings, in ski-ing language.

Princess Aspasia wearing claret chiffon with a high-draped neckline, in catalogue " shop." She has a wonderful smile, dignity, and simplicity ; also a daughter who promises great beauty.

TOPICS. Will the ski-ing match between Sir Alfred Beit, Bt., and the Hon. Drogo Montagu take place? They challenged each other, and, although Mr. Montagu has only ski-ed for one week, and Sir Alfred had considerable practice, he won't concede more than three minutes' start.

Another joust was arranged at Suvretta (I believe, unconsciously, Lord Carnarvon started all this old-fashioned duelling with his racing matches) between Sir Gifford Fox, Bt., M.P., and Captain the Hon. Edward Compton, who both fancied their chances considerably, both being "hot" ski-ers and full of self-confidence. Mrs. Eric Long was the Starter; Commander Long, Official Photographer; "Leo" Lonsdale and Gaspard Ponsonby, Trainers; Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, M.P., Keeper of the Course; and the route lined with partisans. Mr. Ponsonby has a talent for photography, and wears a monocle when ski-ing, which feat was exclusive to Sir Duncan Hay for some seasons.

(Stop Press.—Result: Fox, by one length.)

LUNCHING AT SUVRETTA.

Lady Fox, who misses her daughter, "Gina," like all good mothers should.

Lady Ursula Horne with Captain Kenneth ("Piggy") Hogg.

Lady Titchfield with her two sub-débutantes and some knitting.

The Eric Longs collecting a party to do that Celerina run which ends in a wood and is not one of our personal favourites.

Mrs. Elidor Campbell and some backgammon boards.

Lady Watson with Sir Geoffrey, who finds hotel life almost too syncopated after hibernating in Hampshire. The Watsons' newest neighbours there are Sir Grey and Lady Skipwith ("Cat" Egerton-Leigh), popular in Cheshire and London—just in case you wonder where they've got to.

Mrs. John Southwell (Daphne Watson) and her husband, who's standing for the L.C.C. as a Conservative in Deptford, which isn't easy going. Here's luck!

Mrs. Dewhurst (Irene Dewar till the other day) and her husband, honeymooning and selecting skis.

Mrs. John Crammond—a new beauty for you. Those who complain that the "same old faces we see after dark" are continuously presented by columnists should note Mrs. Crammond, wife of the Cresta rider. Identity marks: a dazzling white skin and even redder gold hair than Mrs. Cunningham-Reid. Well-cut features and a generous smile.

Talking of "new" couples (not that Mayfair's bored with the Kindersleys, the Sweenys, and the John Masons), Mr. and Mrs. Edward ("Ted"—to some) Partington are adoring their first St. Moritz. She's cute-looking, with dress sense, and watched the ski-jumping in a deep brown suit, Russian cap, and leopard top-coat. He luges, although to luge has never been "Quite, quite." I'm delighted, because now we can all luge without being—you know.

STILLS. Lucienne Boyer, the most glamorous cabaret artist in Paris and *créatrice* of "*Chez Elle*," wearing a white jersey, beige make-up, and green eye-shadow. She lunches in the Kulm Grill and has no English—I'm tipping you.

Mrs. Maitland-Makgill-Crichton's daughters falling off their boblet at Sonny Corner (no—not "Sunny") at their mother's feet.

Gordon Richards winning a bridge prize—as if he hadn't been the Old Year's "chumpion lad."

Dick Higham (Harrow) and Colin Anderson (aged ten) jumping on the Suvretta Junior Leap. Both show amazing promise, and if Colin keeps it up he'll out-metre the locals when he grows up. At present there are no Englishmen in the first five hundred. Query: Why didn't Messrs. Wyatt, Spence, and Ledgard jump in the Julier Leap Meeting on the 14th? They couldn't hope to rival Badrutt (nephew of THE Badrutt), but we'd like to see what our three white hopes CAN do.

*DÉPLACEMENTS.* Princess (Gay, not Joy—apologies) Troubetskoi's arrived from Sestrières *via* Villars, and Mr. Peter (brother of Sir Norman, the unadvertised Arctic explorer) Watson's gone to Kitzbühl *via* Davos. I shall follow in his tracks, because Tirol's having such a good season that *Sketch* readers cannot neglect it—as the tipster says of every horse but one (the winner) in every race.

WORD SNAPSHOTS. Noted Scottish curler seen in the Gossage Trophy, which was played at St. Moritz the other day—Mr. Joe Mackay. "Joe" is popular with the whole curling colony and also with curlers on his native heath. He takes long holidays from business every winter season at St. Moritz.

Lord Warwick on the terrace of Corviglia, wearing the Corviglia Club tie, and chatting with Mr. Richard ("Dick") Winsloe, the Cresta rider, a recent arrival.

*The HON. MRS. FRANCIS CURZON, wife of a brother of the late Marquess Curzon of Kedleston, is Captain and Lady Jane Combe's elder daughter. Her husband, who is the donor of the Curzon Cup, has just been elected Hon. Life President of the Cresta, and a bend of the run has been named after him. Mrs. Curzon's prowess as a curler is well known. She is also very decorative, as our snapshot shows.*

*The ST. GEORGE FOR ENGLAND TEAM, with their bob, in the Club enclosure. MAJOR JACK THOMPSON, who steers; with MR. C. B. HOLLAND MORITZ, MR. F. McEVOY, and MR. JIMMY CARDNO. Holland Moritz, though American, is up at Cambridge. He is seriously rivalling Jack Heaton as a Cresta rider. The team wear white sweaters with English roses embroidered on them.*

*MRS. RICHARD WINSLOE looks at the day from the Palace balcony at St. Moritz, where she is on holiday with her husband, Mr. "Dick" Winsloe, who is Lord Glenconner's cousin, and rides the Cresta. She was Miss Marion Partington.*

# A SOCIAL NEWS-REEL —

The HON. MRS. EDWARD PARTINGTON'S white feather tippet is immensely becoming. She is the wife of Lord Doverdale's only son.

MISS VIVIANNE HAMILTON PARKER is the daughter of the late Mr. Cecil Parker, and of Lady Lever, wife of Sir Tresham Lever, Bt. She is a 1934 débutante. The dachshund's name is Conrad.

MISS ANNA K. ZINKEISEN is well known to "Sketch" readers as a brilliant artist. In private life, she is Mrs. Heseltine. Her dog wears attire as smartly cut as that of his owner.

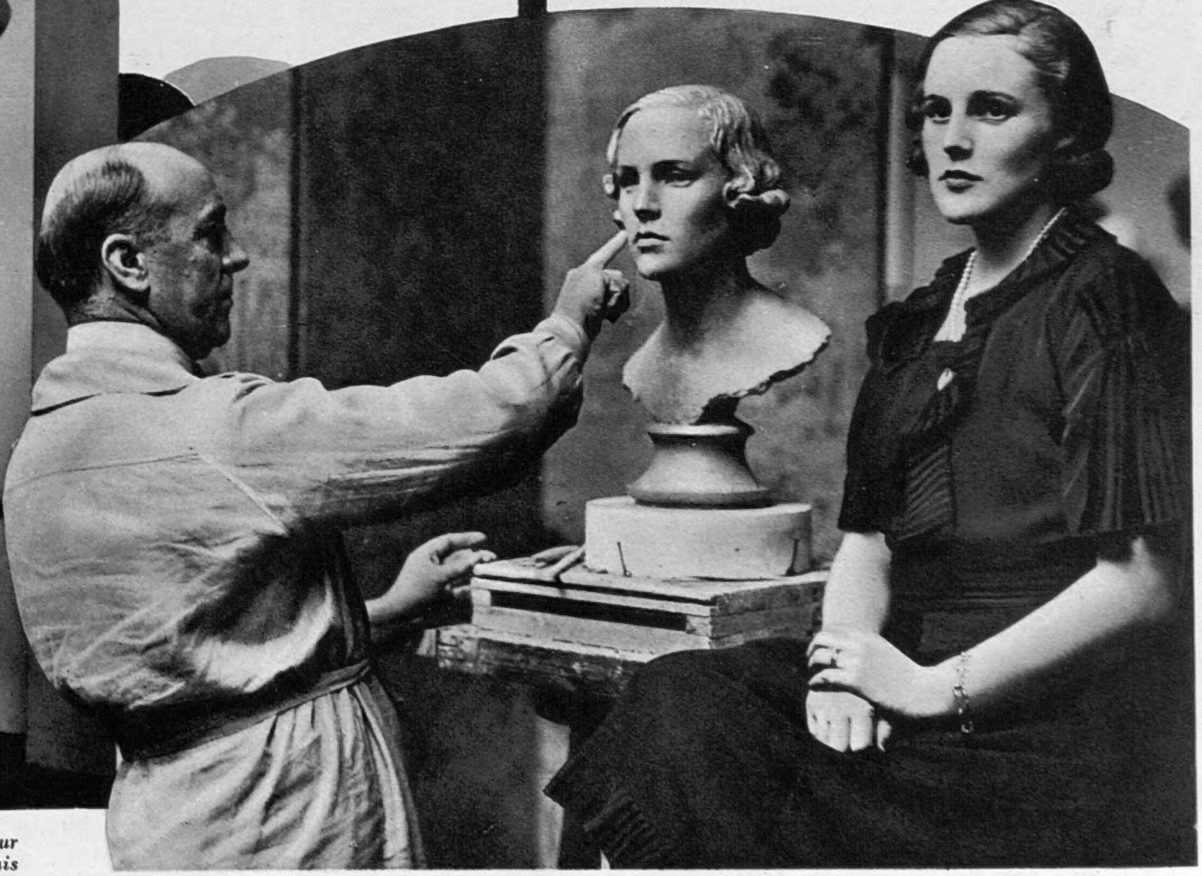
MISS ANN FARRER, débutante daughter of Captain Denis and the Hon. Mrs. Farrer, favours the Victorian fringe and "bun." She is a niece of Lord Redesdale.

# PRESENTED BY "THE SKETCH."

*MISS ROSEMARY GRACE FAIRHOLME is the elder daughter of Mr. Edward Fairholme. She is engaged to Mr. Richard Marker, of Coombe, Honiton, son of the late Colonel Marker, D.S.O.*

*MISS PEGGY GODDARD, second daughter of Mr. Justice Goddard and of the late Mrs. Rayner Goddard, is engaged to Mr. Eric Sachs.*

*MRS. FRANK STRAWSON, one of our best-known and most decorative lawn-tennis players, is also a first-rate squash player. She was unlucky enough to fracture her arm when playing squash the other day.*



*The COUNTESS OF JERSEY is one of our loveliest young peeresses. She was Miss "Pat" Richards before her marriage, in 1932. She is sitting to MR. REID DICK for a portrait-bust.*

# "WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

**The Medium Filum.**

For a really good squabble I doubt if there is anything to equal the ruction when owners of opposite banks of a river fall out. For all concerned—except the lawyers—it would be better if they were to fall in rather than out. The trouble, in two words, is "medium filum," and this invisible thread has the power to make the most peaceful and highly respectable neighbours break the Tenth Commandment and heap abuse and contumely upon each other's heads. "Medium filum aquae" is the mid-stream line drawn equidistant between the two banks, and the fishing rights belong to the owners of the land on either bank up to the medium filum and not beyond. No matter on which side of a river one may happen to be, the best—or, at any rate, the easiest—water to fish is generally beyond the middle line. On small streams fishing would be almost impracticable if casting beyond the middle line was not permitted. Consequently a give-and-take arrangement is highly desirable, and is usually adopted, as anglers, in the main, are peace-loving folk. When opposite owners meet, do they threaten each other with the law if either dares to cast over the medium filum? No, they have a friendly chat and part with a mutual understanding that each may fish the whole of the water. In nine cases out of ten this works admirably, but in the tenth case the less said the better.

*THE OPENING OF THE SALMON FISHING SEASON on Loch Tay is attended with a little ceremonial. The fishing party proceeds in a procession over General Wade's bridge at Kenmore, Loch Tay; with the local piper at its head.*

**Some Specimen Sea Fish.** A list of the heaviest fish caught by members of the National Federation of Sea Anglers has just come to hand from my friend, Rupert V. Cobb, who when not judging at Horse Shows, labours prodigiously for the Federation in his Hon. Secretarial capacity. By the way, R. V. C. was nearly crushed to death a while ago by a charging horse, but he is making a steady recovery. The list shows that in 1933 there were still some good fish in the sea despite the pessimistic Jeremiahs who maintain that sea fishing is not what it was. Things cannot be too bad when anglers manage to catch specimens like these: Conger, 84 lb.; cod, 18 lb. 6 oz.; pollack, 12 lb. 2 oz.; skate, 141 lb. 8 oz.; tope, 57 lb.; thresher shark, 280 lb.; brill, 13 lb. 10 oz.; whiting, 3 lb. 12 oz.; turbot, 14 lb. 4 oz.; pouting, 3 lb.; and a whole lot more. Thirty-eight clubs, mostly on the south and south-east coasts, recorded specimen fish for the Federation's bronze and silver medals.

**When Anglers Break the Law.** There is one clause in the Salmon and Freshwater Fisheries Act, 1923, which is often transgressed by salmon and trout anglers quite innocently. As it is brief I will repeat it in full: "No person shall throw or discharge any stone or other missile into any water for the purpose of taking or killing, or facilitating the taking or killing, of any salmon or trout." By the strict letter of the law the "few well-directed stones" to shift a sulking fish or the "barrage" to turn a fish from escaping where the angler cannot follow, are both illegal. However, there is little likelihood of anyone who has resorted to stone-throwing "facilities" allowing the crime to weigh upon his conscience. The clause was drafted against poachers, not anglers, but by an oversight the latter were not exempted from the ruling. That an action against an angler for stone-throwing would be upheld in court is inconceivable, but there is no question that grounds for legal action exist to the advantage of anyone maliciously inclined.

**Shadows of Forthcoming Events.** Angling dinners are well to the fore during the next month or two. My friend, Arthur F. Bell, who is in the happy position of being Hon. Secretary of the British Sea Anglers' Society and Chairman of the British Tunny Club, told me that Mr. Justice Charles has kindly consented to be the guest of the evening at the annual dinner of the British Sea Anglers' Society on March 14. I did not ask him if the British Tunny Club was having a dinner, but he volunteered the information that at a recent meeting of the Club the rules had been tightened up considerably. I am interested to see what alterations have been considered necessary. The National Association of Fishery Boards Dinner is to be held on Feb. 21, and a good attendance is assured. The dinner and meeting on the following day offer an excellent excuse to the chairman and clerks of Fishery Boards all over the country to combine business with pleasure and spend a day or two in London. Dr. Lewis Smith is to preside at the dinner of the Red Spinner Angling Society on Feb. 27, and members of the Dreadnought Sea Angling Society are having their jollification on Feb. 20.

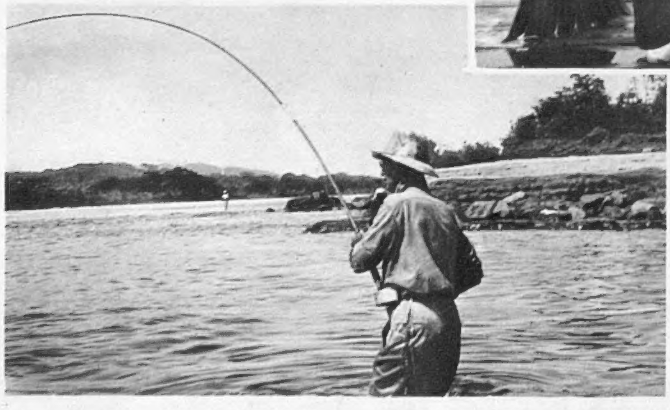
**I HAVE HEARD THAT—**

A gar fish, weighing about 11 oz., was caught in the River Lea, at Enfield, on Jan. 11, by Mr. T. R. W. Bell. How the gar fish, which is a sea fish, found its way into the Lea is remarkable. It must have made its way through the barrier of pollution in the Thames estuary.

Lord Baden-Powell is starting a world tour in the summer and will be fishing in Newfoundland, Canada, New Zealand, and probably in New South Wales, where he is to attend a big jamboree in May 1935.

R. L. MARSTON.

*JUST A MORNING'S CATCH AT CATALINA ISLAND is illustrated in this group! The fish are BLACK BASS caught off the launch "Maime," of Catalina. The largest weighed 296 pounds. The anglers are (l. to r.) Miss Mary Ardelle and Miss June Wilkins.*



*This picturesque photograph shows an angler PLAYING A TARPON in the Chagres River, Panama.*

*FISHING FROM THE APRON above the Spillway on the Chagres River, Panama.*

PRELUDE TO SKI-SLOPES.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY JOYCE DENNYS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KARSH.

*"ROMEO AND JULIET" was produced by amateurs in Ottawa and Montreal a week or two ago, with VISCOUNT DUNCANNON, elder son of H.E. the Governor-General of Canada, the Earl of Bessborough, as Romeo; and MISS JULIA MACBRIEN, daughter of the Chief of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, as Juliet. The production was directed by Mr. Rupert Harvey, and the stage settings were executed by the Hon. Mrs. Gordon Ives, from the designs by his Excellency the Governor-General. Lord Bessborough has always taken a keen interest in the drama, and many admirable productions have been staged at his private theatre at Stansted Park, Sussex. Lord Duncannon, who was born in 1913, is an experienced amateur actor, and was much praised for his Hamlet some little time ago. In the upper photograph on this page he is seen entering the tomb in which Juliet lies in a trance. In the lower photograph he is with CAPTAIN LESLIE CHANCE (as Friar Laurence) in the Friar's Cell.*

# VISCOUNT DUNCANNON'S "ROMEO" TO "JULIET" BY A POLICE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER.

# IS SHE THE POMPADOUR OF RUMANIA?

*MME. LUPESCU, the beautiful red-haired Jewess, has been "the mystery woman of Rumania" for twelve years. Her influence over King Carol has been discussed in every country. Dame Rumour has become busy with her name, and her personality has affected the political situation in Rumania over and over again. She is a shopkeeper's daughter; with superb colouring, wonderful teeth, and a magnificent figure. She has accompanied the King of Rumania in his travels abroad and on his return to his own land. Of late, rumour has been especially busy with her name, and at one time it was stated that a guarantee that she should cease to influence political affairs was one of Mr. Titulescu's conditions of taking office.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANGELO.

# THE LASS THAT DIDN'T LOVE A SAILOR.

By DOUGLAS NEWTON.

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.) *

CALLET was sure of his man. Two men only had left the destroyer after she had hurried into port. Those two only had caught the London train. One of them must be carrying abroad the copy of the treaty taken from Count Hroth—that was definite. Such military secrets demanded immediate delivery. Also the treaty was in a cipher that could not have been decoded on the destroyer. Baron Cordo, Callet's chief in London, had no doubt of that. The thing *might* have been posted, but the matter was too momentous to risk anything but a personal delivery. So one of these two, then, had the secret which Callet and his men must get if his nation's plans weren't to be forestalled and beaten. The problem was—which man had it?

Borodin, Callet's second in command, was certain it was the Lieutenant. He argued that the secret was international dynamite, and would only be trusted to a responsible officer. Also, the Lieutenant was nervous. He kept a sharp eye about him, was wary about his baggage, and jerked alert if anyone as much as walked along the corridor past his first-class compartment.

"Well, you and Siveric take on the Lieutenant," Callet said, as they conferred for a moment in a swaying vestibule of the train, "I'll handle the little Jack Tar."

"You think—*him*!" Borodin gasped at Callet. "That scrubby little sailor boy? Impossible! Why he is not twenty yet!"

"To know the English is to know that he is just the instrument they *would* choose," Callet chuckled. "That doltish stupidity is protective, my friend. So you make sure of the Lieutenant and I will deal with our sea-baby."

Callet, an innocent commercial traveller to the public eye, returned to the third-class compartment he shared with the sailor. He spread his samples on his seat, busily entered up his orders. He paid no attention to his victim, who, in his turn, sat in a corner sucking cigarettes and saying nothing.

An hour later Borodin passed along the corridor and gave Callet a signal—just a flick of the hand, but it told him that the Lieutenant had been handled—put to sleep with a drug—and his baggage and person searched in vain. Callet had been right, then. The secret was in the possession of this lumpish sailor boy, and his problem was to get it neatly and unsuspiciously.

That problem was soon to be solved. A dining-car attendant came along calling "Supper!" Surprisingly the sailor boy arose and slouched towards the restaurant car. Probably he had been paid well and wanted to "cut a dash." Callet went after him and managed, unostenatiously, to secure the seat opposite him at table. The sailor seemed to regret he had been so daring. He was ill at ease in what must have seemed to him the gilded luxury of the dining-car.

His unease was increased by the arrival of the girl. She was a smart, redoubtable creature. Not only pretty, but expensively dressed—a dashing girl with a great opinion of herself. She looked haughtily round for a seat, and a waiter waved her to that next to the sailor boy. She flared indignation. She glared at the sailor, she glared at the waiter. Callet could almost hear her imperious mind crying: "*I* sit with a common sailor! Look at me—you ought to know better!"

But the waiter was not looking at her. Already his back was turned as he went about his duties. The girl hesitated. Then, with a defiant toss of her proud little head she sat beside the sailor. Callet pitied the poor boy. He was so plainly uncomfortable beside this scornful young queen.

Quite humanly sympathetic, Callet found an opportunity for his work. By trying to help the boy out, a casual word here and there, by passing things—salt and butter, and so on—he managed, unobserved, to slip his drug into the boy's food.

The girl remained stiff and hostile. Really a heartless little creature, Callet considered, and, sure now that he had the sailor at his mercy, he dropped business to enjoy the small human drama of this snobbery. It was entertaining—very, but also illuminating to such a student of life as Callet.

The meal finished, Callet drew out cigarettes and asked her if she minded his smoking. She gave him a carefully emotionless stare and nod, and added after a pause: "Not at all." Her manner was unmistakable.

A hardy and hostile hussy—and yet when the sailor boy, completely out of his element, thought that he would go one better than Callet's polite request, and, fishing in his blouse, produced a packet of cigarettes and offered them to her, her response was unexpected. At first she was so startled as seemingly unable to believe her senses. She stared at the sailor, refused curtly. The poor boob pressed her, his colour mounting. Callet waited to see him shrivelled by her snub—then, amazingly, she smiled, took a cigarette from him and put it between her lips!

"If I had pressed her she would have blasted me with a look," Callet reflected, and watched, sardonically, the humanness of human nature.

It was worth attention. The boy, overwhelmed by the success of his daring, was flurried and fumbling. He searched wildly through his pockets for a match, dragged out a petrol lighter and clicked it on uncouthly. It was as inadequate as himself. It sparked brilliantly but produced no sort of flame. Again and again he tried, getting so red and embarrassed that at last the girl took the lighter from his hands and tried to work the thing herself.

But it was hopeless. She, too, could get nothing from it but sparks. That fool boy had bought himself a smart lighter but had been too stupid to put petrol in it. . . . In the end, the girl saved the situation by accepting the use of Callet's match, while almost thrusting the lighter back on the discomfited sailor. Then, with the stiffest of thanks, she rose and fled back to her compartment.

The sailor was glad to get away and hide his head, too. Callet followed at leisure, chuckling over the episode—and also sure that his drug had delivered the poor fool into his hands. And indeed it had. Within a few minutes of his regaining their compartment the sailor was so deeply asleep that Callet had neither difficulty nor danger in searching his very person as well as the small suit-case the boy had put on the rack.

Yet Callet might have had to confess himself beaten if he had not recalled the incident of the dining-car—*and the petrol lighter*. Those sharp wits of his, faced with defeat and puzzling out the mystery of the missing paper, suddenly pounced upon that petrol lighter. He abruptly saw a very good reason why that lighter would not light, and, glancing to the floor at the sailor's feet, received confirmation. The floor was littered with matches. The sailor had made no attempt to use that lighter *in here*—would never have attempted to use it only he had lost his head in that embarrassing moment with the proud and pretty girl.

Callet took the petrol lighter from the sailor's pocket, unscrewed its base and solved the mystery. The reason it would not light was that it was full, not of petrol, but of many carefully folded sheets of fine rice paper, covered with an equally fine handwriting—in cipher!

It was the copy of the treaty Callet was there to get. The cipher proved that, even though he could not read it. It had been brilliantly hidden in the petrol lighter, and not even Callet would have found it if the boy had not tried to show off to that pretty girl, and his befuddled wits had caused him, automatically, to use the lighter without realising how much he gave away.

So he had delivered himself—and the papers he carried—into Callet's shrewd hands. Callet put the paper in his pocket, re-screwed the lighter, and restored it to the sailor. He then signalled to Borodin that he had triumphed.

He had. It was a great feather in his cap. Even Baron Cordo's iron face began to smile as Callet reported to him in his London house and placed the cipher treaty before him. . . . Began to smile, that is, until he commenced to decode the message. Then he exploded with a roar:

"You bungler!" he shouted. "You have been tricked! This is not the treaty—merely the English nursery rhyme 'Mary had a little lamb' put into cipher. These English have been playing with you. They tricked you into taking these false papers of their own concoction, while they got away with the real treaty."

"Impossible!" Callet gasped. "Only two men could have carried the papers. We made sure the Lieutenant did not. As for the sailor, I made sure that he had nothing on him save the petrol lighter, nothing——"

"He must have effected a change somewhere—— Ah!" the Baron shouted, "*that* girl. Describe her again?"

Callet described the proud and pretty girl who was disdainful of common sailors, yet human.

"Alice Carrol!" the Baron groaned. "Undoubtedly Alice Carrol! She did not even trouble to disguise herself—and Alice Carrol is the best Agent that Clement Mangan of the English Foreign Office employs."

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The dull young sailor said as much himself as he faced the pretty but no longer disdainful Alice Carrol in Clement Mangan's office.

"I had the proper wind up, Miss," he grinned. "I knew that commercial traveller cove was after the petrol lighter by the foxy way he kept looking at me. An' though I'd had the tip that one of ours might get in touch with me on that train, I didn't have no hope—him being so ferret-like. An' when you came and sat beside me, Miss, I had less hope than ever. . . . You were so haughty-like that you had me all of a do-da, if you understand, Miss—until you nudged my knee an' I saw the spittin' image—I mean the double—o' my petrol lighter lying in your lap."

"You played up pretty well yourself," laughed Alice. "The wireless message from the destroyer left us little time to prepare that lighter and get down in time to board the train half-way. We hadn't time to instruct you . . . but there was no need. You rose to the hint in my lap like a bird. Your bit of acting with the cigarette and the lighter that would not light was perfect. . . ."

"Well, he sort of gave me a lead, that spy feller," the sailor grinned. "I mean, his polite way o' asking you if he might smoke. . . . Sort of innocent-like, too, wasn't he? Never twigged that that cigarette business was a trick; never saw the way you palmed my lighter an' passed me your own, neither. . . ."

"Yes, Callet was innocent enough, *in a way*," Clement Mangan put in, "innocent enough not to realise that there are many shades and degrees of innocence. . . . That's how your own particular brand beat him."

THE END.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

(1) Florentine ($139\frac{1}{2}$ carats). (2) Nassak ($78\frac{5}{8}$ carats). (3) Green Dresden (40 carats). (4) Sancy ($53\frac{3}{4}$ carats). (5) Eugénie (51 carats). (6) English Dresden ($76\frac{1}{2}$ carats). (7) Pigott ($47\frac{1}{2}$ carats). (8) Polar Star (40 carats). (9) Pasha of Egypt (40 carats). (10) Star of South Africa ($46\frac{1}{2}$ carats). (11) The Orange Tiffany ($125\frac{3}{8}$ carats). (12) Stewart (120 carats). (13) The Blue Hope ($44\frac{1}{2}$ carats). (14) Cullinan I. ($516\frac{1}{2}$ carats). The rough Cullinan weighed $3025\frac{3}{4}$ carats. It was cut into nine large stones and a number of small brilliants. Cullinan II. weighs $309\frac{3}{16}$ carats. (15) Star of Este ($25\frac{1}{2}$ carats). (16) Kohi-nor ($106\frac{1}{16}$ carats). (17) Kohi-nor; first cutting ($186\frac{1}{16}$ carats). (18) Shah (86 carats). (19) Orloff ($194\frac{3}{4}$ carats). (20) Great Mogul (240 carats). (21) Star of the South ($125\frac{1}{2}$ carats). (22) Pitt; or Regent ($136\frac{7}{8}$ carats). (23) Jubilee (239 carats).

# THE JONKER'S RIVALS: GREAT DIAMONDS OF THE WORLD—ACTUAL SIZE.

*Two magnificent diamonds have been found at Elandsfontein, twenty miles north of Pretoria and three miles from the Premier Mine, where the Cullinan was discovered in January 1905. The first—called the Jonker, after Jacobus Jonker, the discoverer—weighs 726 carats; the second weighs 287 carats. Sir Ernest Oppenheimer, Chairman of the Diamond Corporation, has bought the former for £75,000 and the latter for £18,000. They will be in England in two or three weeks. It would seem to be just possible that they once formed part of the Cullinan itself, although this will want considerable proving. Our reproductions (except the photograph of the Cullinan) are from glass replicas most courteously lent to us by the Diamond Corporation, Ltd.*

# LEICESTERSHIRE YOUNG 'UNS SHOW THEIR METTLE IN A PAPER-CHASE.

*A Paper-Chase for children of followers of Leicestershire packs took place from Quenby Hall last week. This group of proud parents and relatives of competitors includes the MARCHIONESS OF BLANDFORD (in "Teddy Bear" coat), LADY NUTTING, MRS. PAGET, MRS. WHETSTONE, MR. JOHN NUTTING, MISS PAGET, MISS CRADDOCK, and the little EARL OF SUNDERLAND (in cap; left).*

*COUNTESS FORTESCUE (l.) is enjoying a joke with MRS. CHARLES PYM and LADY ELEANOR KISS. Lady Eleanor is a daughter of Baroness de Ros, and is the wife of Janos Orsolya Kiss, of Oreghegy, Balaton Almadi, Hungary.*

*SIR HAROLD NUTTING, COUNTESS FORTESCUE, LORD MANTON, and LADY ELEANOR KISS are in this group.*

*The "'Chase without a Fox" for the Leicestershire hopefuls was organised by Sir Harold Nutting, Bt., Master of the Quorn. The start was from Quenby Hall, and a circuit of three miles was made. The competitors here shown on the steps of Quenby Hall were addressed by Sir Harold before the start.*

*Some of the followers are seen moving off. They included children of many well-known hunting people.*

*SIR HAROLD NUTTING, with his sons, JOHN and EDRIC NUTTING, assisted by MISS ANGELA MORLEY, laid the trail.*

# EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY.

*LADY URSULA HORNE and MISS DOREEN PARKER are in the same party at St. Moritz. Lady Ursula is a cousin of Lord Dufferin. Miss Parker is an excellent ski-er and a winter-sport regular. They are having a race against each other for a prize presented by Mr. "Leo" Lonsdale—this is to take the form of an embroidered nightdress.*

*MISS NANCYE BARRY is at St. Moritz. Her father is President of the Carlton-Kulm Curling Club and an excellent skip. Miss Barry is wearing the chic new bandeau of the 3 S Club, whose initials are knitted in red on blue wool.*

*MRS. PETER SMITH-DORRIEN, charming brunette, and MRS. COLCLOUGH, dazzling blonde, are at St. Moritz. The latter has just finished the film "Evergreen," directed by Victor Saville.*

*The marriage of the HON. VERENA MAXWELL, younger daughter of Lord and Lady Farnham, to MR. CHARLES LAMBART CRAWLEY, is fixed for February 3 at Kilmore Cathedral, Cavan.*

*The infant son of the HON. SOMERSET and MRS. MAXWELL, was christened at St. John's, Southwick Crescent, and received the names of SIMON KENLIS. BARRY OWEN SOMERSET is their elder child.*

*The HON. LORRAINE BERRY, second daughter of the late Lord Buckland of Bwlch and of Lady Buckland, married MR. GWYN MORGAN-JONES, the Life Guards, only son of Major Morgan-Jones, of Llanmiloe, Carmarthen, at St. James's, Spanish Place.*

*MR. JOHN SKEAPING, the well-known sculptor, whose Exhibition at Tooth's is rousing much interest, is engaged to MISS MORWEANA WARD. They are arranging some of the exhibits at the gallery.*

*"THE HORSE," by JOHN SKEAPING (l.) is a huge wooden sculpture. The body is of mahogany and the legs are of pinkardo. The young lady who is "riding" it is giving it a final "grooming" with a duster and furniture polish! "Mariegold" has something to say about Skeaping and his work on another page.*

# WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

*"La Calèche devant les balcons" ("The carriage passes the balconies") is the title of this attractive drawing by CONSTANTIN GUYS (1805—1892), on view at the Leicester Galleries. Constantin Guys was the famous artist of Victorian life who had such a long and important connection with "The Illustrated London News." He did many drawings, including Crimean War illustrations made at Inkerman, Balaklava, Sebastopol, and other centres.*

UNUSUAL Christian names distinguish 1934 débutantes. There is Nefertari Bethell, daughter of Mrs. Richard Bethell and sister of young Lord Westbury; Cressida Bonham-Carter, the elder of Sir Maurice and Lady Violet Bonham-Carter's girls; and Jennifer Fry, daughter of Sir Geoffrey Fry.

The last two are studying in Vienna, where it is now the fashion to send girls "to be finished." Princess Antoine Bibesco's daughter is also going through the process there, and recently had a visit from Lady Oxford, who must be the most stimulating of "grannies."

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Authors also go to Vienna, with the idea of finishing—their books; but, what with musical distractions and the arrival of hordes of friends from London, it must be difficult to get on with the good work. Ethel Mannin has been there, and Alan Pryce-Jones. Unfortunately, the latter fell ill soon after his arrival and has been laid up for a bit.

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The Duchess of York followed her practically invariable custom by wearing beige with a huge fox collar when she attended the Gala performance of "Peter Pan," but the Duchess of Portland broke away from her usual black velvet effect by appearing in a gay red toque and a black dress enlivened with touches of red.

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Lord Morven Cavendish-Bentinck, younger son of the Duchess of Portland, is well known as an enthusiastic concert-goer and a good amateur pianist. He was born in 1900, but he still likes "Peter Pan"! He sat in the front row of the stalls, and even clapped in answer when Peter Pan asked that old one about whether children still believe in fairies! I did not see Mr. Wyndham Lewis in the audience.

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Talking of youth and enthusiasm, I hear from a friend in Madeira that the most energetic visitor the island has ever known is Mrs. Donnet, sister of the American Ambassador in Rome. She is the first to take the morning plunge from Reid's board, the leading light of the lawn-tennis tournaments and the billiard competitions, and the most ardent of the mountain excursionists—in spite of her three-score years and silver hair! She is expected to stay in Madeira for another week or so before moving on to South Africa.

Lady (Austen) Chamberlain is planning to have a little Madeira holiday soon. She has many friends on the island, and always enjoys going there.

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Pastels and All-In Wrestling are a piquante combination of amusement which can be enjoyed in London at the moment. Fortnightly programmes of the lusty sport from the U.S.A. take place in the Galleries where the Pastel Society's rather refined work is on view. English All-In Wrestling is refined, too, compared to that seen in America, for neither biting nor eye-gouging is allowed here!

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The All-In Wrestling audience is also refined. The other night, tails, white ties, and full evening dress were the general wear. Lord and Lady Brecknock came together, she in a black dress patterned with tiny pink rosebuds. I also saw Lord Portarlington and the Austrian Minister. The latter came in alone and took a seat about three rows back from the ring.

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Lady Brecknock had never seen All-In Wrestling before, and was still vague about the terms. Regular "fans" talk with professional ease about "body scissors," "head scissors," "aeroplane swing," etc., and know all the names of the wrestlers, which include "White Owl," "Norman the Butcher," and "Black Diamond."

*LT.-GENERAL SIR SYDNEY LAWFORD, K.C.B., and LADY LAWFORD are among the recent visitors to Monte Carlo.*

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Have you ever wondered how authors collaborate in plays and novels? Lady Welby and Mr. "Kit" Sandeman, whose drama, "Nemesis," was produced at the St. Martin's on Sunday, admit that she supplied the original idea, and that he worked it out and made the dialogue sparkle. He confessed this at Lady Welby's 6—8 party last week. Drinks were served out of a silver punch - bowl — far more romantic than a mere shaker. Lady Carnwath, Mrs. Weissweiller, and Miss Grace Lane were all present, the last-named saying that her part in "Nemesis" was a remarkably long one!

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*Lady Welby.* The wife of Colonel Sir Alfred Welby and mother of two good-looking married daughters, Mrs. Geoffrey Whitaker and Mrs. Gerald Guinness. Did not discover until rather late in life that she had a talent for sculpture well worth cultivating. Cultivated it, and exhibited in the Academy and elsewhere; made a studio at the back of her Chester Street house and worked there vigorously. A talent for playwriting is the latest bent she has started to develop.

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The Film Society are doing their best to make linguists of us with their talkies from various European countries! Whether we will consider their programmes a sufficient inducement to go to the length of study remains to be seen! "The Table of the Poor" was an Italian film, noteworthy for several things: the extraordinary clearness of the enunciation of the actors, and the fact that the star who played the young girl not only looked like one, but behaved like an old-fashioned one. When made love to, she put her eyes down modestly, in the best Victorian

*LORD and LADY FURNESS are here seen starting out for a stroll in the lovely sunshine of Monte Carlo. Lady Furness was Mrs. Cavendish.*

tradition, behaviour which seemed to add to, rather than detract from, her charm.

Mr. Anthony Asquith was in the audience. He is frequently to be seen at the Film Society shows. He takes a professional interest in the programmes, as he is himself a producer.

. . . . . .

Mr. John Skeaping is a genuinely horsey artist. When he is not busy laying odds with the bookies, he makes lightning sketches on the racecourse. He hunts and rides in point-to-points. This year he will ride for an owner, probably in Essex. Hence his great "Trojan" horse, which you can see at Tooth's.

. . . . . .

This huge Skeaping animal is a magnificent specimen quite 19 hands high—with a mahogany body and legs of pinkardo. It was inspired by a mare called Jennifer, formerly owned by the sculptor, and the pose shows the animal "passaging" before a race—that is, moving sideways, and ready to jump off. The idea was to get the most vitality with the least action, so the giant wooden horse has all four feet on the ground. The other exhibits include animal and human portraits in alabaster, serpentine, and wood. Some of the blocks of serpentine were found by the sculptor himself when in Cornwall.

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We shall soon know more about good Queen Anne than her unfortunate demise. She was a gambler, and a keen racegoer; she gave her husband, Prince George of Denmark, a horse that cost £1000—no mean sum to-day, and a huge price at that period! The animal was called Leeds, and his portrait by Wootton will be exhibited at the Marlborough and Queen Anne Exhibition in aid of the Y.W.C.A., which opens at Chesterfield House on the last day of the month. Horsey people can take a look at Leeds and see if they think her late Majesty made a good buy on looks.

. . . . . .

Do you know that the second Earl of Albemarle was called William Anne—or why? This feminine title was bestowed on him because his godfather-elect, William III., died before the christening, and good Queen Anne stepped in and stood sponsor. The present Lord Albemarle has lent the casket which contained the lace used at his ancestor's christening to the Queen Anne Exhibition.

. .

Lord Martin Cecil's lovely Hungarian bride, Mlle. Edith Csanády de Telegd, had a serious rival at her wedding! Beautiful though the bride looked, the baby daughter of Mrs. John Taylor, who attended the ceremony, attracted almost as much attention! Fleur is only a year old, but behaved with perfect discretion throughout the ceremony.

The international character of the wedding was emphasised by the decorations on the (rather small) cake. They consisted of the British Union flag on one side and the Hungarian on the other.

*The marriage of LORD MARTIN CECIL, younger son of the Marquess and Marchioness of Exeter, to MLLE. EDITH CSANÁDY DE TELEGD, a beautiful Hungarian, was solemnised at Christ Church, Virginia Water. The bride, who was given away by Mr. Grant Richards (whose wife is her cousin), wore a veil of Brussels lace, two hundred years old, lent by the bridegroom's mother.*

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What 's your idea of a "maigre" menu? The new entertainment game consists of thinking out the best for the "Lenten Lunches" scheme to help King's College Hospital. Lady Oppenheimer suggests Risotto, Salad, and Coffee; or Fish, Baked Apple, and Coffee; so you see they 're to be the real thing! Philip Guedalla's witty tongue launched the scheme at the "Quick Lunch" yesterday, the 23rd. It 's a good idea to combine helping charity with giving Cook an easy day, and having a party where the menu won't tempt us off slimming! All you do is to ask your guests to come and eat "maigre" food—and pay 6s. each for the hospital.

. . .

Lady Oppenheimer brought the idea back from Egypt. Hitler launched rather a similar scheme to help the German poor, but Lady Oppenheimer did *not* take her inspiration from him. She had it from sixty self-sacrificing men who attended a Lentil Soup dinner at one of Cairo's best hotels, paid the price of the luxury table d'hôte, and arranged to have the difference sent back to the London unemployed. She saw these heroes after their light meal, and was so struck with their well-being and jollity that she decided to bring the scheme to London.

Lady Hambleden, Lady Veronica Hornby, Mrs. Abel Smith, the Mark Hambourgs, Mrs. Eumorfopoulos, Lord Beatty, and others are all helping to push it.

. . .

Modern fashions have inspired my Monte Carol spy to send me a lyrical outburst on the subject of the dresses worn at one of the Dîners de Grand Gala at the International Sporting Club. It was, she writes, "a particularly brilliant affair, attended by a bevy of lovely women resplendent with magnificent jewels and exquisitely attired." Lady Furness was in "priceless lace, tinted blue"; and my spy thinks that Lord Furness must have felt a glow of pride at the admiration she aroused. Lady Seafield's silver tissue gown made her look as if she were "wrapped in the rays of the Orb of Night," and Lady Weir wore "rose-leaf metal tulle." That 's a new one on me!

MARIEGOLD.

*"Deux élégantes se promenant" is the title of this delightful drawing by CONSTANTIN GUYS on view at the Leicester Galleries. He is well known as the chronicler of the Second Empire, and the brilliant artist who illustrated the Crimean War for "The Illustrated London News" by drawings made on the spot.*

*LADY WINIFRED and LADY ROMAYNE CECIL, sisters of the bridegroom, acted as bridesmaids to MLLE. EDITH CSANÁDY DE TELEGD at her marriage to LORD MARTIN CECIL. PETER TAYLOR was the page.*

# THE COUNTESS OF INCHCAPE'S

*THE PROSPERITY BALL, arranged by the COUNTESS OF INCHCAPE, on behalf of All Saints' Hospital, Southwark, took place last week. Lady Inchcape is dancing with LORD ST. JOHN OF BLETSO, who was a member of her party.*

*This ball-room group consists of MR. ROY WALKER, MISS URSULA HORLICK, and MISS WINIFRED PAGET.*

*(Right) MISS MARIE SYMONS-JEUNE was one of the guests at the Prosperity Ball. She is dancing with MR. RUPERT SPEIR.*

*The EARL OF INCHCAPE is seated at supper with LADY ST. JOHN OF BLETSO.*

*A supper-time snapshot from the ball. MR. G. RUSSELL HAY, MISS LEONORE SOMERVILLE, MR. SEYMOUR JONES, MRS. and MR. LIDDELL, MISS YSOBEL SOMERVILLE, MR. E. CUDDON, and (in front) MISS PETA DAVIES.*

# "PROSPERITY BALL" IN PICTURES.

*MISS URSULA HORLICK is chatting to MR. JOHN TOLLEMACHE.*

*MISS ELIZABETH BROOKE is the second daughter of the Rajah and Ranee of Sarawak, and sister to Lady Inchcape, who was Miss Leonora Brooke. She is dancing with MR. LOWENSTEIN.*

*This group consists of MRS. D. SPENGLER, MISS SHEILA MORRISON-BELL, MISS DAPHNE KINGSMILL, and MISS GWENETH BUTLER.*

*MISS DAPHNE KINGSMILL is partnered by MR. J. BEARMAN.*

*LADY BRIDGETT POULETT was a member of Lord and Lady Inchcape's party.*

*(Right): MR. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF, MISS DE BOINVILLE, MR. COLERIDGE-HILLS, and MISS KAY SHUTTLEWORTH are occupied with the comfort of "the hon. TEDDY BEAR."*

# WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

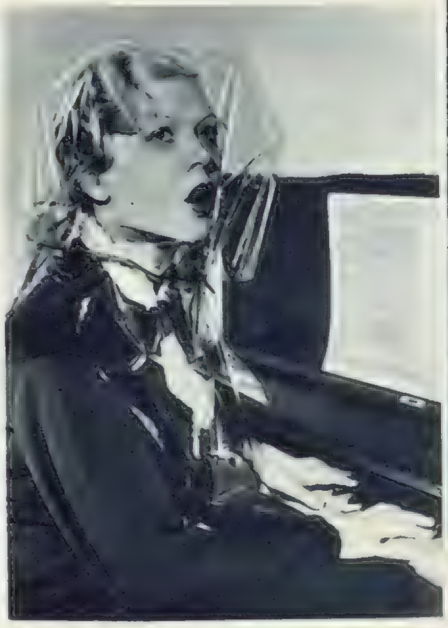
*LADY KATHLEEN ROLLO*—FOR HER COURAGE IN RIDING THREE MILES TO HER CAR WITH A BROKEN LEG.

LADY KATHLEEN ROLLO exhibited great fortitude—and, incidentally, considerable common sense—after her unlucky fall when out with the Cottesmore. She broke a leg when no one was near, and, without help, managed to mount her horse and ride three miles to her waiting car so that she could proceed as quickly as possible to Oakham for medical attention.

MR. P. CRANMER, the young Freshman from St. Edward's, Oxford, has made "Rugger" history by getting his "Blue" in his first term at Christ Church. He was instrumental in the scoring of the goal that won Oxford the match against Cambridge. He was chosen for the English side to meet Wales at Cardiff on January 20.

*MR. P. CRANMER*—FOR GETTING AN INTERNATIONAL "RUGGER" CAP AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN.

WE are used to getting everything—from celery-heads to silk cushions—in sealed cellophane wrappings. We are now going to receive our sopranos that way on the radio-gramophone! Cellophane is said to ensure the successful sound-recording of high notes and prevent any "squeaky" effect coming over, when arranged as MISS DOROTHY DELL has it.



*MISS DOROTHY DELL*—FOR PUTTING HER HEAD INTO A CELLOPHANE BAG TO MUFFLE HER HIGH NOTES FOR SOUND-RECORDING.

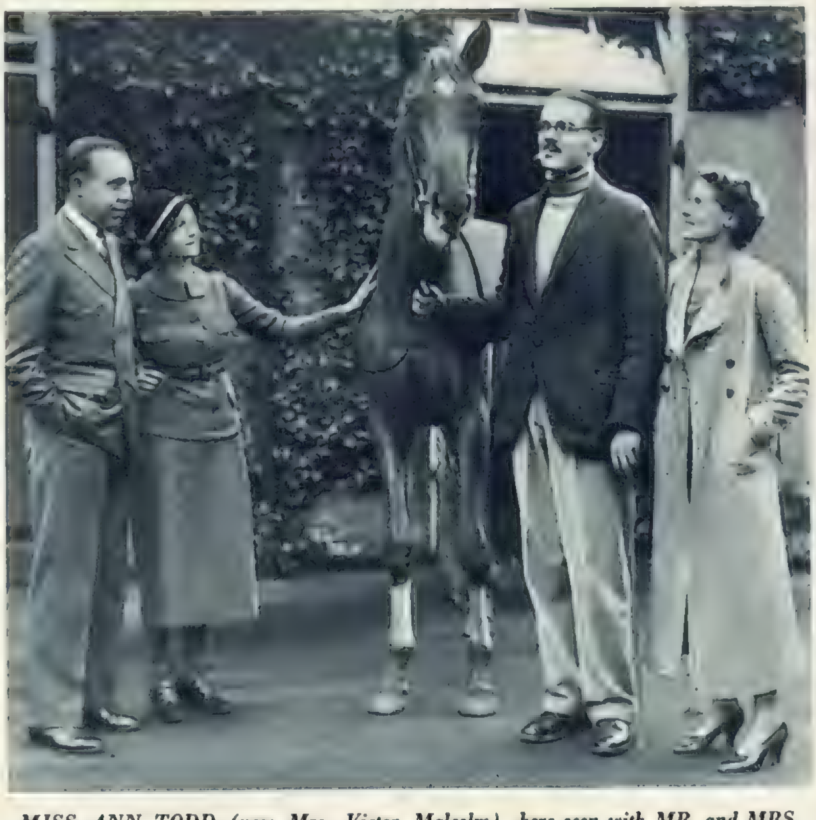
MISS "BABY" WHITAKER struck a new note in modern wedding fashions by her black boy attendants at her marriage to Mr. John Paget, but she was only reviving an eighteenth-century custom, when all Beauties had Blackamoors-in-waiting. The boys were only at the reception.

*THESE NEGRO PAGES*—FOR BEING NEO-GEORGIAN "REVIVALS" OF A GEORGIAN FASHION AT A LONDON WEDDING.

LADY RHODES, COLONEL BEASLEY, and MR. IVOR BIRT are three great contract players, as everyone knows. They are members of a contract bridge team (which also includes two Frenchmen) which is giving exhibition matches at St. Moritz and playing teams put up by visitors. They also find time to winter-sport.

MISS ANN TODD, the young actress who recently married Mr. Victor Malcolm, received a two-year-old racehorse as a wedding present from Mr. "Chubb" Leach, of Newmarket, who is training it for her. Mr. Leach is responsible for naming the colt, which is by Highborn out of Seaplane. He has called it Balbo—an excellent title, for Marshal Balbo, of the Italian £124,000 Transatlantic Formation Flight, may be called "Highborn"; and his air fleet consisted of flying-boats!

*COLONEL BEASLEY, LADY RHODES, MR. IVOR BIRT, and partner (seated at the contract table)*—FOR ADDING BRIDGE TO OPEN-AIR WINTER-SPORTS AT ST. MORITZ.



*MISS ANN TODD (now Mrs. Victor Malcolm), here seen with MR. and MRS. "CHUBB" LEACH (left) and MR. VICTOR MALCOLM*—FOR RECEIVING AS A WEDDING PRESENT A "BALBO" ALL HOPE WILL PROVE TO BE A FLYER.

"WHO'S AFRAID OF THE BIG, BAD WOLF?" Gran'pop Version.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)

*N.B.—THE NINTH OF THE NEW "SKETCH" SERIES OF*

GEORGE ARLISS.

He is English. He made his début at home; but later went to the U.S.A., where he became one of the most popular actors on the stage. He is an even greater favourite on the screen. He was the famous Disraeli of the flickers; and, at the moment, he is the screen Voltaire at the Regal. "The Working Man" is another recent success.

ADOLPHE MENJOU

He is a characteristic Gallic charmer of the screen. He
by education. His film career was interrupted by wa
famous till he appeared in "The Woman of Paris" in 1
recently at the Capitol, and "Easy to Love"

CARICATURES BY HAWO

is French by blood, but American service and he did not become 923. "The Worst Woman in Paris," are his latest pictures.

WILL ROGERS.

He is a Fox Film star, and one of the most celebrated humourists in the picture world. He is a well-known vaudeville entertainer, as well as a screen actor. His "long suit" consists of character-comedy parts combining pathos with humour. His latest films include "Mr. Skitch," "Dr. Bull," "State Fair" and "Too Busy to Work."

RTH.

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# WHITBREAD'S PALE ALE

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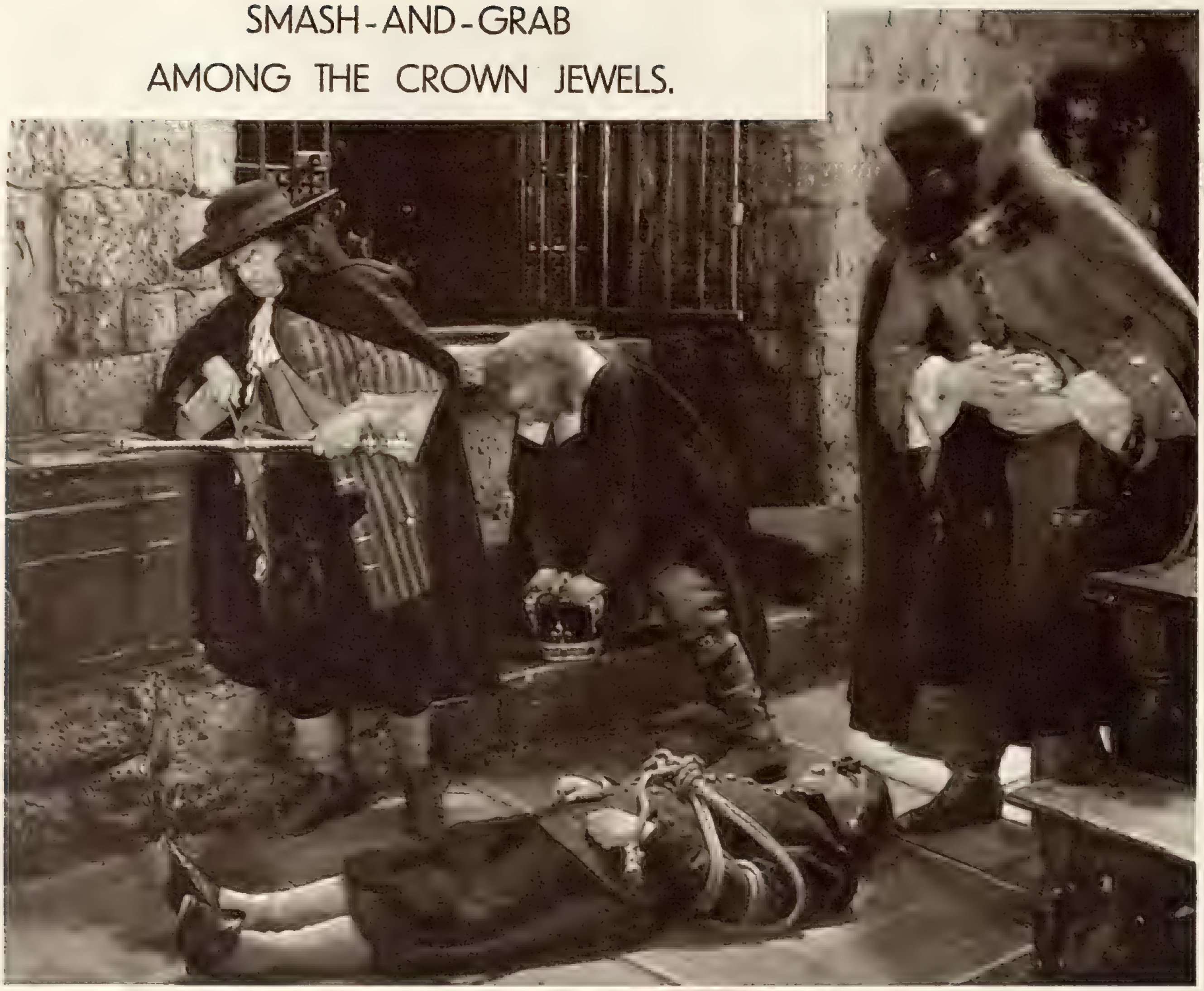
"YOURS SINCERELY"—
PRINCE CHARMING.

*MISS BINNIE BARNES, the screen actress who is under long-term contract to London Film Productions, is playing in Seymour Hicks's successful revue, "YOURS SINCERELY," which will soon be seen in London. She is Prince Charming in the "Cinderella" sketch.*

# SMASH-AND-GRAB AMONG THE CROWN JEWELS.



*THOMAS BLOOD (1618-80), the English adventurer who is usually styled "Colonel" Blood, is an ideal screen figure. His exploits form the subject of a new super Sound City production to be seen at the Empire before very long. One of his most thrilling adventures was his "smash-and-grab" raid on the Crown Jewels in the Tower in 1671. The attempt nearly succeeded, but Blood was caught and imprisoned. The mysterious reason for his release and pardon by Charles II. has never been explained. Had he some hold on the Merry Monarch, or did he merely amuse him? This "still" shows FRANK CELLIER as Blood bending the Royal Crown, the better to conceal it, while his accomplice, Wattie (ROBERT NAINBY; left), and MR. DESMOND JEANS are busy with sceptre and orb respectively. The keeper of the Tower (HAY PETRIE) lies bound, with a gag in his mouth and a clip on his nose.*

*Mr. Frank Cellier's expression of intent rapacity is well illustrated by this photograph of him as COLONEL BLOOD "LIFTING" THE CROWN OF ENGLAND in the Tower of London.*

## JOY FOR " SATURDAY'S CHILDREN."

*MISS DOROTHY HYSON, the charming young daughter of Miss Dorothy Dickson and her husband, Mr. Carl Hyson, is playing Joy in " SATURDAY'S CHILDREN," which was due at the Westminster Theatre last night, January 23.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY HOUSTON ROGERS.

*A cameo impression of Sebastian (r.) and his unnamed betrothed, of "THUNDER OVER MEXICO." They are two ill-fated lovers. The path of true love runs even less smoothly in Mexico than elsewhere!*

# CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

## THE STAGE.

By J. T. GREIN.

CARADOS, that well-known critic who spent nearly all his life in the service of the theatre, who was in his time a good, all-round actor, knew more about Shakespeare than any man living. He had seen eighty Hamlets and about sixty Macbeths, so we may consider him an authority. Well, he said once to me (and I agreed with him): "The fact that an actor succeeds in Shakespeare does not qualify him as an all-round capable interpreter." What he implied was that the rhythm of Shakespeare aids the actor to a great extent, whereas the prose of modern writers demands an entirely different one. Let this be the consolation of Mr. Charles Laughton for the strictures on his Prospero in his soaring career. They will have shown him where he erred and strayed in the diction and emphasis (to say nothing of his Father Christmassy masquerade in his make-up), and how the character went to pieces in the process. He is, as we all know, superb in modern rugged parts, but he has so far neither the conception nor the subtlety inherent in Shakespeare. These things are not wafted from the air: they are acquired by study and practice. And it is all very well to speak of "breaking a tradition," as some have done when the severance leads to a nondescript characterisation. At present there is something deficient in Mr. Laughton's equipment—namely, an ear insensitive to melody and a diction vagary-ing at random. If Mr. Laughton is fair to himself and to his critics, the experience of playing Prospero will be of immense benefit to him.

Having said this, there remains much to praise in the production of "THE TEMPEST" at Sadler's Wells and the Old Vic. Tyrone Guthrie does daring things, but he has a pictorial eye, a sharp focus of groups, and a most subtle appreciation of the value of gesticulation. It expressed itself in the arch and cunning impersonation of Elsa Lanchester as Ariel; not quite so eerie as Mr. Leslie French's unforgettable performance at Regent's Park, but as gay and sparkling as a happy sparrow in the twigs, with a peculiar gleam in her eyes that glows in the house like fireflies. Miss Lanchester's future prognosticates itself in glamour and promise. The same applies to Miss Ursula Jeans. The Caliban, too, of Mr. Roger Livesey was admirable, full of finesse in his impishness of flitting hither and thither. Alas that I had to leave before Miss Flora Robson appeared as Juno, but I take the word of my colleagues for it that she stamped her personality on this small part.

Two acts of "GENIUS AT HOME," by Elizabeth Drew, at the Embassy, show us the *vie intime* of the Sage of Chelsea and his self-sacrificing wife, whereas the third drifts towards an ending more surprising than dramatic. Miss Drew, more than any of her fellow-biographers of the Brontë class of plays, has the talent of endowing her characters with real vitality, and the atmosphere with an air of reality that breeds familiarity between stage and public without obtrusion. We behold Carlyle in all his dourness, his egotism, his self-estimation; and her, the lovely Jane, as a docile, submissive wife proud of her hero, always practising "*Ich dien,*" though she knows that her marriage was a mistake and that she would have made a mark in the world had she been a free agent. Apparently there is, for all their difference of character, a certain lasting love between them which mends every one of the frequent quarrels in tender embraces. Yet, in the end we know that the great man prefers his work to the alcove, and there is a faint foreshadowing of Jane's miserable end. The play is arresting from beginning to end; it is written soberly and in incisive style; all the characters, even the flirtatious, sensual, humbugging novelist, Miss Jewsbury—a gem of acting by Miss Agnes Lauchlan—are naturally drawn. And the great scene when Mill confesses to Carlyle that his maid has lighted the fire with the first volume of "The French Revolution," and Jane implores him to carry on, while she sheds tears behind his back, is dramatically poignant. But then, both Mr. Wilfrid Walter and Miss Marda Vanne acted this scene with such inward conviction that all theatricality was obliterated. Otherwise Mr. Walter, still steeped, perhaps, in his own fine play, "Happy and Glorious," was rather a too boorish Carlyle without an atom of genius. But Miss Marda Vanne, whom I have so often described as being "potentially great," was so sensitive, so human, so entirely "*la femme du rôle,*" that I can but crystallise my criticism in the one word, "superb."

*Impressions of "THUNDER OVER MEXICO" at the Marble Arch Pavilion. On the left "Huntin' in Mexico in 1906"; in the of the Old School, wearing the Old School tie, and otherwise equipped for manslaughter, and the quarry, Sebastian,*

*These silhouette impressions of "THE AFFAIRS OF VOLTAIRE" film, at the Regal show (from left to right) (DORIS KENYON) from behind a curtain of his apartments. De Sargnac has a search warrant, but such a find figure at the table is Voltaire (GEORGE ARLISS) writing "Democracy first and last and to hell with the cost!" King Louis XV. (REGINALD*

# CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

## THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

THREE new Continental films are now showing in London, each of which claims attention. Of the three, I would unhesitatingly award the place of honour to "LIEBELEI" (Academy Cinema). In its day a strong protest against the futility of the duel, Arthur Schnitzler's famous play carries us back to a pre-war Vienna, and to a problem that might seem dated, were it not for the emotional sincerity with which Max Ophüls presents it on the screen. The romance of a lieutenant and a simple young girl, ruthlessly shattered by the aftermath of an old love-affair, is gay and tender, fluent in its development, and increasing in tension as the tragedy of requital approaches. Full of pictorial charm and beautifully acted, the picture possesses rare harmony of direction and interpretation.

MR. GEORGE ARLISS *as Voltaire.*

"LE PETIT ROI" (Rialto) is a highly ornamental piece of fiction from the Ruritanian library—with that remarkable juvenile actor, Robert Lynen, as a lonely little ruler of an unruly kingdom. The director, Julien Duvivier, achieves some opulent scenic effects—especially in a cathedral interior—and emphasises the boy-king's burden with pomp and circumstance. Robert Lynen, a true artist who shies away from sentimentality (of which there is plenty), has his exquisite moments in a purely artificial drama.

*centre, two peons out in the midday sun. The very rude tree is a cactus, and on the right are a caballero on his travels. He is about to receive a couple of lines from the Hacienda.*

Cinema House is showing the French version of the original "Christopher Bean"—a version without any popular comedy additions to the story of a painter's posthumous fame. "PRENEZ GARDE À LA PEINTURE" is set in the lovely serenity of Provence, and is completely convincing in its atmosphere. But its quality is, perhaps, too sober for general consumption, though the loyal servant, played with fine integrity by Charlotte Clasis, is a creation that should not be missed.

Having travelled from the bookshelf to the stage, and thence to the screen in the silent days, the spirit of Margaret Kennedy's "best-seller" novel, "THE CONSTANT NYMPH," emerges triumphantly in the new talkie version at the New Gallery. Indeed, this adaptation, sympathetically prepared and directed by Basil Dean, himself so closely connected with Miss Kennedy's chronicle of the Sanger family in its previous dramatic forms, comes nearer to the book than either the play or the silent picture. To begin with, the preposterous, lovable descendants and dependants of the musical genius, Albert Sanger, known collectively as "Sanger's Circus," and gathered together under his hospitable roof-tree, are firmly characterised in the lively opening chapters against the ineffable beauty of the Tyrolese mountains. When the story shifts to London, to Lewis Dodd's growing irritation in the "ideal home" provided by his ill-assorted wife, and to his tragic bid for freedom with the "constant" Tessa, the director illuminates the emotional conflict with a sure touch. Every scene tells. The Queen's Hall Symphony Concert, with Lewis Dodd wielding the conductor's baton, is singularly impressive, both in composition and in the camera-work of Mr. Greenbaum. The swift flight to Brussels suggests the desperate determination of two kindred souls; and their tremulous bid for happiness, cut short by Tessa's death in the stuffy lodging-house room, has a lyrical and moving quality. Victoria Hopper, physically an ideal selection for the part of Tessa, is at her best in these closing scenes, tender and sincere. Every member of the company adds to the value of the whole ensemble, but the picture is dominated by the humorous, wayward Lewis Dodd, brilliantly interpreted by Brian Aherne. Interesting throughout, steadily developed, and pictorially beautiful, "The Constant Nymph" is a memorable addition to British films.

Bing Crosby is the corner-stone around which "GOING HOLLYWOOD" (Empire) is built up, and let me say at once, if you like crooning and haunting musical numbers, you are quite certain to enjoy this lavishly produced back-stage-cum-fantasy. For the exuberant warbling of the King of Crooners knows no bounds, and accompanies the action of the film almost unceasingly. The theme is the good old favourite—the girl who breaks into the movies and makes good; Marion Davies may be a trifle unconvincing as the French teacher at Miss Briarwood's Academy, but she certainly "does her stuff" in Hollywood, after following her dream lover of the radio to the "location." Stuart Erwin, the backer of the show, plays second fiddle to the crooner in characteristic style, and his scenes with Ned Sparkes, the pessimistic director, are the most amusing in the film. Fifi D'Orsay is the temperamental star who walks out on the production, thus making an opening for the aspiring heroine. The story doesn't mean anything! A go-as-you-please entertainment, designed for the crooners' converts.

*a group with Voltaire (GEORGE ARLISS; l.) disagreeably surprising the Comte de Sargnac (ALAN MOWBRAY) by conjuring Mme. de Pompadour is unwarranted! The single figure with the raised arms depicts Voltaire (GEORGE ARLISS) preaching "democracy first and last." The single The group on the extreme right shows how Voltaire (GEORGE ARLISS; centre) makes everything O.K. with the Pompadour (DORIS KENYON) OWEN), and himself in the last scene.*

*Our lists of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page* III.

# STARS, SOCIETY, ELECTRICIANS AND STUDIO-HANDS AS PARTY GUESTS.

*The MARQUESS and MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY, LORD and LADY LEE OF FAREHAM, and MR. M. E. BALCON were among the guests entertained by the Gaumont-British Studios at their annual carnival party at the Royal Horticultural Hall. The company included many famous personalities of society and the screen and workers in the studios as well.*

*MR. WALTER FORDE, film-director and actor, and MISS TAMARA DESNI were among the well-known picture people present.*

*MR. GORDON HARKER, famous screen and stage actor, is with his sister-in-law, MRS. DEBORAH HARKER.*

*MR. and MRS. MARK OSTRER are important figures in the picture world. Mr. Isidore Ostrer is the President of the Gaumont-British Picture Corporation, and chiefly responsible for its creation. Mr. Mark Ostrer is Chairman and Joint-Managing Director.*

*MISS LEONORA CORBETT, the well-known actress.*

*MR. and MRS. HARRY OSTRER are other members of the well-known Ostrer family, of film and newspaper fame.*

JANET JEVONS.

# THE INCOMPARABLE LYNN.

*LYNN FONTANNE is one of the most accomplished actresses on the stage to-day. She is also beautiful—and ENGLISH, although she made her stage name in the U.S.A. rather than at home. Now she is acting opposite to her husband, Alfred Lunt, in "REUNION IN VIENNA," at the Lyric; and, incidentally, wearing this graceful pink lace dress as Elena. Miss Fontanne's youthful beauty is made even more remarkable by the fact that, according to "Who's Who On the Stage," she was born in 1882, and made her first appearance on the stage at Drury Lane, "walking on" in pantomime.*

*During Prince George's visit to South Africa, a fleet of British cars will be at his disposal. These three fine HUMBER CARS have recently been sent out there, in readiness. The four-light SNIPE SALOON on the left, which is finished in black with a fine red line, is for the Prince's special use. The other two are a SNIPE SALOON and a PULLMAN LANDAULETTE; both finished in dark blue.*

# MOTOR DICTA

## By H. E. SYMONS.

IN THE BALKANS.

MY work and my play take me to strange places. I am writing this in the noisy café of the Palace Hotel at Nish, in the heart of the Balkans. It is a palace only in name, for the rooms are primitive, and one's olfactory senses are seriously offended by the variegated aromas that lurk round the stone staircase and in the long, dark passages. But the café is bright. It was the Serbian New Year yesterday, and the place is gaily decorated. A German orchestra is playing dance music with much fervour. Presently there will be a series of cabaret turns.

It is just a week since I left England, motoring across Europe and down to Greece. France was crossed in a fog, and we slept the first night at Strasbourg. On the second day, in sparkling sunshine, we circumnavigated the Black Forest *en route* for Munich, but running suddenly on to a sheet of pure ice we slid broadside and crashed into a tree, so that three precious days were spent effecting repairs in the old-world city of Ulm, which boasts, on its cathedral, the highest spire in Europe.

Then, through two days and a night, we ran from Ulm to Szeged, once the second most important city in all Hungary, and now, since the post-war rearrangement of frontiers, a lonely, unhappy border town. It was a crime to rush through Vienna at five o'clock in the morning, and to spend but an hour lunching in Budapest, but time pressed. To hit a stout tree at speed is inclined to give one a complex against fast driving on snow and ice, and our progress was, in consequence, slower than it should have been. Level crossings, too, were taken with an almost absurd degree of caution, for the tail of my car was brushed by an express when a level-crossing watchman, fuddled with sleep, decided suddenly to lower the barrier at the precise moment when the train and I arrived simultaneously at the same point. I was too astonished to be frightened, but my passenger and I got out and shook hands solemnly. The barrier had dropped on the roof, making a nasty dent. But the modern all-steel body is strong, and so saved our lives for the second time in three days.

From Vienna to Budapest there runs one of the finest international highways in the world. It is dead flat, mostly consisting of long "straights." It is in process of being extended on towards the Yugo-Slavian frontier, but at the moment a dreadful gulf, a hiatus, stretches between several sections of fine new road. One is thus obliged to make détours through country lanes, through snow and deep mud. Once across the border we found, to our surprise, a narrow but good-surfaced road, where we had only expected to find cart-tracks across the fields. As far as Novisad the going was fast, but thereafter the road deteriorated rapidly, and was just a sea of black mud stretching between snow-covered banks.

A wonderful bridge is being thrown across the Sava to take road traffic over to Belgrade. But at the moment the only way of getting over the great, grey river is to be towed on a crazy punt behind a Heath Robinsonian, paraffin-engined tug. The ferry could not run from its usual place because the river was fringed with pack-ice, and a rough signboard directed us down an incredibly rough and steep slope on to the stony beach and along a faintly-marked cart-track. But a horseman, returning, said it led nowhere.

So, obtaining fresh directions, we wandered miles inland, approaching the river once again by a terrifying causeway, with a muddy surface with foot-deep ruts and a twenty-foot almost sheer drop on each side. By then night had fallen; we were tired and hungry, and had visions of a night in the primitive inn at Zemun. At length we came upon a railway bridge, and were challenged by the soldiers guarding it. None of them spoke a language I knew, and my realistic drawings of ferry-boats and bridges only drew forth roars of laughter. Off we went again, but were fortunate in meeting a bright peasant-lad who said "steamboat," in Serbian, which was so like the Russian term that I recognised it and showed signs of excitement. With the boy clinging to the running-board, we bumped across open country, and in due course, hidden under the bank, came upon the crazy ferry-boat.

It was bitterly cold, and we huddled round a red-hot stove in the skipper's cabin as we chuff-chuffed against the strong current. A soldier with fixed bayonet challenged us as we drove up the ramp into Belgrade; he asked if we were English, and, on being told "Yes," he waved us on, after smartly saluting. The "Sylvester," or Serbian New Year, was such that we got to bed only just in time to get up again, and were too late to cross the frontier that day into Bulgaria. By all accounts, this is the end of proper roads, and to-morrow we set off over muddy cart-tracks for Sofia, Salonika, and Athens.

*Mrs. Jack Hylton, wife of the famous English dance-orchestra leader, who also has an orchestra of her own, is seen in our photograph taking delivery of her beautiful new 25-h.p. SUNBEAM SALOON. With her is Mr. C. J. Joyce, Managing Director of Messrs. Pass and Joyce, the SUNBEAM distributors. The car has many special features.*

The café at Nish is filling. The orchestra is energetically tuning-up. I have drunk my Turkish coffee and some sour wine. Let the fun begin! I am quite ready to enjoy it, including any snow, flood, and mud we may encounter.

# EDMUND GWENN — HIS PISTOLS, AQUARIUM, AND BRANDY GLASS!

*Old horse-pistols are one of Mr. Gwenn's hobbies. He has a fine collection of weapons of the type used by highwaymen.*

*MR. EDMUND GWENN, actor and picture star, finds time to pursue various hobbies and sports. The photographs on this page were taken at his London house in the Adelphi. In this study he is looking at an old football group. He is a "Rugger" enthusiast and is one of the few actors who have played for the Harlequins. In his Rugby days he was appearing at the Royal Court Theatre, in Sloane Square, and, as there were no matinées, he was able to get his Saturday afternoons for "Rugger."*

*The outsize brandy glass which Mr. Edmund Gwenn is holding was specially made for him. It was presented to him when he left the cast of "Lilac Time." Mr. Gwenn, who is under contract to Gaumont-British Picture Corporation, is now acting in the Priestley play, "Laburnum Grove," at the Duchess Theatre. His recent film achievements include his performance as Jess Oakroyd in "The Good Companions." Other vivid character parts he has played for the pictures include the Burgomaster in "I Was a Spy." He will soon be seen as the elder Strauss in "Waltzes From Vienna."*

*Mr. Gwenn's aquarium is one of his most cherished possessions. He is interested in rare and small fish, and has a large collection of very unusual specimens from the Far East, Australasia, and elsewhere.*

# CITY NOTES.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"SOME people are going for a bob."

"Sixpence is more likely."

"Yes; I think a shilling is too much to expect. The Government can't afford to part from twenty per cent. of their income-tax revenue."

"They will give us sixpence this year and promise another sixpence later on, provided we're good."

"Provided trade is good, you mean."

"Same thing, from the point of view of the Chancellor of the Exchequer."

"You can hardly believe, can you, that the income tax was only fourpence in the pound sixty years ago? I'll bet your father grumbled about it like anything, Brokie."

"And I shouldn't be surprised if your paternal relative tried to evade it."

The Jobber shook his head. "No," he replied soberly. "My old man was very honest. It must have been easier, too, in those days, to dodge paying. They make it very hard to escape now."

He heaved a heartfelt sigh. "I shouldn't know how to set about deliberate evasion. There's understatement, of course, but that game isn't worth the candle. Can't anyone suggest a better plan?"

The City Editor nodded.

"In the first place," said he, "you keep no books. In the second, you settle everything in cash. No banking account or cheques. Just hard money."

"That wouldn't work in a Stock Exchange office."

"Nor would it in the vast majority of other businesses——"

The Merchant was intrigued. "No books? No banking account?" he repeated.

*MR. ERNEST WALLS, F.C.S., is Chairman of the North British Rayon.*

"That's the idea. You are liable to be assessed, of course, but if the Tax people have nothing to go on they might have difficulty in making out a case."

"You might not be assessed," The Merchant suggested. "Are there many people who dodge income tax like this?"

"Who can say? Another plan is to take all your money to America; form yourself into a Corporation——"

"Brokie's doing that already."

"—with shares of no par value and a bond issue that can be handed over to another company after a few years."

"You know too much, young man," said The Engineer darkly. "Do you get much practice in this kind of wangulation?"

*SIR CHARLES BATHO, BT., J.P., is a director of Faudels, Limited; and has been Lord Mayor of London.*

"I've amused myself with working it out. There are very few people who would want to shuffle out of their income tax obligations, don't you think?"

"On the lowest ground, it's too dangerous to make experimenting worth while. I would rather pay up than be locked up. So I try to make back the money in the Stock Exchange."

"Kaffir market, for choice?"

"Count me out," laughed The Engineer. "I'm afraid of Kaffirs, and that's the honest truth."

"The West Wit. gamble has fired the imagination of us all," declared The Broker ponderously.

"That's true. Everyone's undeveloped property in a gold area is now a West Wit."

"All the same, there are big possibilities in things like Venezuelan Goldfields——"

"That's another one to you, Brokie; there are just a few of your tips that come home. I will admit that."

"How delightfully decent of you, dearie! Sold your shares?"

The Engineer replied by begging for another "good one." "Don't answer if you are afraid of spoiling your reputation," he added encouragingly.

The Broker snapped his fingers. "'Afraid?'" he echoed. "That's a curious word to use to a member of the Stock Exchange. Now if——"

"Come to the 'osses," said The Engineer. "What's the tip?"

"International Nickel of Canada. I'm not advising you to buy them for half a dollar profit. I say there's five points in them for anyone who will keep the shares six months."

*On this page, Fred May caricatures people prominent in the SILK AND TEXTILE INDUSTRIES. MR. H. N. HUME, M.C. (left), is a director of Whitworth and Mitchell. MR. FORREST HEWIT (right) is a director of the Calico Printers' Association.*

"Some people say that Nickels will double in price this year."

"It's best not to be too extravagant——"

"If Nickels turn out well, Canadian Pacifics should be somewhere in their near neighbourhood."

"Canadas make a good buy, too. And those Canadian Industrials ought to see much higher prices this year. Shawinigan, British Columbia Power, Montreal Light and Power——"

"They're no use to the man in the street, such as myself," objected The Merchant. "We want to be independent of any American influence over our shares——"

"I'm only telling you," The Broker warned him. "All I say is, don't come to me sobbing your little hearts out next year, and saying I didn't tell you what was going to happen in Canadian securities."

"Haven't you got any home securities that will save us from crying over the spilt milk of—of—— Where was I?"

"Canning Town?" said The Jobber helpfully.

"—the spilt milk of our wasted opportunities?"

"A useful reminder, my lad. United Dairies: first-rate show. You can put your grandmother into them."

"I put my sister into United Molasses," confessed The City Editor, "and when I gave her Brokie's cheque she said I was rather sweet."

"You sold too soon," The Merchant told him. "Molasses are jolly good things to stick to."

"So are Distillers. And I believe we haven't seen the last of the rise in Vancouver Breweries."

"You're very quiet, Brokie. Still keeping something up your sleeve? What's that? Your funny-bone? Oh, good!"

"Chestnut," scoffed The Jobber. "By the way, I bought myself a few James Finlays, the tea shares——"

The Broker bowed with studied courtesy.

"Not this time, old bean. As a matter of fact, I got the tip from a Mincing Lane merchant."

"But," began The Broker, "Finlays were amongst my——"

"I know, and the price has gone up since. That's my trouble."

"How you must love trouble!"

"No; but it's like this. If I sell the shares, I make a useful little profit, but what am I to do with the money, you chump?"

*SIR SYDNEY SKINNER, J.P., is a director of the Rayon Manufacturing Company.*

"Hush! There's nothing to be gained by coarseness. ('Alas! Poor Ham Bone!') Why sell the Finlays? They're perfectly good shares."

"So are Doom Doomas," added The Merchant. "Yield? It's useless to quote past dividend performances. You must look to the future."

"And to the present as well. I'm certain this rise in stocks and shares is doing people a heap of good. You can see a greater cheerfulness all round."

"Even the Americans are getting less dismal, I'm told."

"They can look after themselves. What I like to see is the better complexion on people's faces over here. Makes you feel expansive. Makes you feel you want to meet a friend and take him out and spend some money on him. Income tax? Oh, well; it's coming down, they say, and, after all, we might have had no income to pay tax on."

The Jobber said he couldn't look at it in that light. "What I fear," said he, "is that I shall make so much more money this year that a reduction in the income tax will mean my having to pay the same next January as I'm doing now."

And it took The City Editor nearly three minutes to demonstrate that, even so, The Jobber would be much better off on balance.

*Friday, Jan. 19, 1934.*

## TOPSY = = TURVY

The Gods on Olympus, bored with regularity one day decided to upset the whole affair.
They did the thing most thoroughly, causing great hilarity, they topsy-turvied everything: land, sea and air;
They filled the clouds with cabbages, grew comets on the cottages, and pigs sold the farmers at Upsydaisy Fair

Donkeys rode to parliament, on Stewards of the Jockey Club
The Countess brought the cocktails when the butler rang the bell.
Primo Carnera joined a woman's hockey club and D.O.R.A. ran
the Dog & Duck, and ran it very well.

But one thing stood unchangeable, with everything contrarywise—one thing certain was proof against the spell;
the real infallibility . . . THE INDISPUTABILITY . . . THE IRREFRAGABILITY:

## YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

# THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

## By L. P. HARTLEY.

I DELIGHT in the art of Miss Helen Ashton: it is sensitive but controlled, delicate but definite, imaginative but always firmly grounded in reason and common-sense. Her latest book, "Family Cruise," is an excellent example of it. There is nothing strikingly original in the main idea. The casual but sharp contacts of life on board ship have furnished several novelists with their subject-matter, and sooner or later someone was bound to seek inspiration in a Mediterranean cruise. How lucky we are that that someone proved to be Miss Ashton! She has not, nor does she pretend to have, any great knowledge of ships; the *Minerva* goes its way in an efficient and businesslike fashion, without encountering storms and set-backs, or giving Miss Ashton an opportunity to display those treasures of nautical lore which (considering her technical mastery of such specialised subjects as architecture and medicine) we had half expected from her. On the other hand, she is admirably equipped to describe the beauties, natural and artificial, of Venice, the Dalmatian coast, Athens and the Greek islands. In fact, one of my few grievances against her book is that it makes a Mediterranean cruise almost unnecessary; with our unobservant, untrained eyes we cannot hope to see a half of what Miss Ashton saw, or carry away impressions nearly as copious and vivid as hers.

**Plans and Prospects.** "Family Cruise," then, is a travel-book as well as a novel, and though the descriptive passages are so cunningly interwoven with the narrative that one cannot isolate them, I can imagine readers who will feel as impatient to get on (say) to Delphi as to know whether Rose Delamere's plans for her family's happiness and well-being are fated to miscarry. Rose was by nature a manager; the cruise was her idea, in fact she embarked on it against the wishes of her family. Her husband, a barrister, middle-aged but old beyond his years and on the verge of a nervous breakdown, strongly resisted the proposal; her married daughter thought it madly extravagant; her younger daughter, Fanny, in love with an unsuitable and ineligible young man of whom Rose disapproved, sulked at the start and a good way through the voyage. But Rose was sure she knew what was best for them all. Henry, her husband, would be rejuvenated; her elder daughter and son-in-law would be thrown together and enjoy the "second honeymoon" their slightly impaired affections clearly required; and Fanny would find distraction to make her forget her undesirable young man. While Rose—Rose would have the satisfaction of knowing that she had benefited everybody.

**A Mother Vindicated.** It seems at first as though her well-laid schemes will suffer shipwreck: Henry's neurasthenic outburst at Milan was a bad augury for the trip; Fanny was cross and childish and determined to thwart her mother's plan, which she easily saw through; her son-in-law, instead of making love to Martha, made eyes at the siren, Penelope Rich. And Henry's behaviour was very disquieting: I thought that "Family Cruise" was going to be a warning against injudicious interference in other people's lives, and I still think that Rose's triumph was too complete. "Family Cruise" will be a terrible weapon in the hands of mothers; it proves so clearly that they "know best." Apart from this, I find little to criticise in Miss Ashton's book.

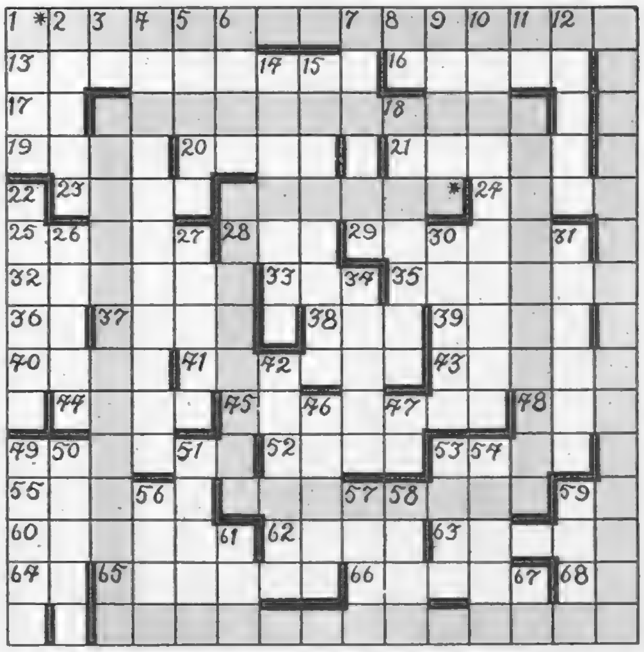
**"William, or More Loved Than Loving."** "William, or More Loved Than Loving" is not, strictly, a work of fiction; I hardly know what to call it. It is a series of soliloquies delivered by William to his public; and since many of us share William's opinions, and grievances, though we cannot voice them with his wit, that public is likely to be large. He is not very well disposed towards the world as a whole, but two classes of people especially irritate him: his friends and his relations. And the head and front of their offending consists in the fact that they like him better than he likes them—

Whenever my friends put me off for dinner, or do something to upset my arrangements, they always say, "You *do* understand, don't you?" and I always reply, "Yes, of course I understand." Now when I am about to do something which I know will upset my friends, I never believe that they will understand; therefore, I try and hide it from them. . . . I often wonder why I have to be so much nicer to my friends than they are to me.

William's formidable frankness has an agreeably astringent flavour. He is too much of a realist to be a cynic, and he is entirely devoid of romantic feelings, otherwise he could not confront the prospect of being more loved than loving with so much equanimity. Though written with art, "William" cannot be called a work of art; it has no shape and very little plan. The recital of William's grievances goes on until the grievances are exhausted, and then stops. Lord Sudley has only one subject; he never repeats himself, but neither does he vary his mood nor change his tone of voice. In ordinary life nothing is more boring than being obliged to listen to a man with a grievance. Yet William is not a bore, and the reason is, he does not complain at us, but for us: vicariously we taste the delights of malice without the fear of having to answer for it. I strongly recommend Lord Sudley's little book. It is slight, and perhaps over-mannered. But it is original, extremely accomplished, and it has that indefinable air of ease and mastery which distinguishes literature from mere writing. Crisp, sharply cut, highly finished, Lord Sudley's prose is a delight. As yet, his mind is too inelastic, his balance too precariously maintained on the twin supports of satire and self-justification to allow us to guess what future lies in store for him as an essayist. The great essayists have had a wider range of sympathy and a deeper fund of intellectual curiosity. But Lord Sudley does not lack human feeling; he has an acute insight into many diverse types of character, and he is quick to lay his finger on a weakness.

[Continued on page III

## OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



1. The "ribbon" (indicated by the shaded spaces) runs twice round the puzzle rectangularly from the first asterisk to the second. It contains a verse from a poem in "Alice Through the Looking-Glass."

ACROSS.

13. The people who believe in pleasure.
16. A great violinist.
17. Not far from Portsmouth.
19. A big, positively monstrous, loch!
20. Evidently not brand-new.
21. An umbelliferous plant, with aromatic seeds, says my dictionary.
23. Foreign currency.
24. Try Istamboul.
25. This is really funny.
28. Loses itself in the Wash.
29. A Biblical pool.
32. Flower.
33. There 's often a flat to it.
35. One of our "stable-companions."
36. Reads rather like ten.
37. "Dagonet."
38. Short part of the week-end.
39. Thine in Heine.
40. This hunter dearly loves a lord.
41. One form of praise.
43. Where Ireland predominates in tennis.
44. A woman's name.
45. Brave, though after the start entirely busy worker.
48. In the main, it is not illuminating.
49. U.S.A., Sir? No! You 've muddled it!
52. No goods up to this standard?
53. What the Shakespearean infants did.
55. A cereal disease.
59. Sanctimonious.
60. Christmas is.
62. And perhaps on the dole.
63. He went down with the *Titanic*.
64. The composer of this.
65. Aits, or eyots.
66. "Isabel ———."
68. A place prefix.

DOWN.

1. This king is pondering.
2. One who cuts.
3. Frequently appended to footnotes.
4. A weight and part of the window it is, besides being a nasty complaint for an orator!
5. River of Asia.
6. Bad shot for title.
7. Trees.
8. Direction.
9. Tribes.
10. Top mention (anagram).
11. Degree.
12. Macbeth often follows it.
14. Old money.
15. I dine in this admirable quality.
18. Northern constellation.
22. Rum sort resembling a queer tune.
26. A Frenchman's name.
27. Has a dot-and-go-one gait like over half a hundred legislators.
30. Ends up with hot port: no wonder it looks burdened.
31. Servant—half male, apparently.
34. Outcome of a spin?
42. Tennis-player who seems to make a profession of love.
46. Conducts—but not in an orchestra.
47. Preposition.
49. Quantities of paper.
50. Put in a vessel.
51. European country.
53. Not gathered by rolling stones.
54. Praise.
56. Eject.
57. Bass, possibly.
58. "—— de No. 8 Down."
59. Gone.
61. "—— Harvey."
67. Same as No. 11 Down.

## A VALUABLE PRIZE FOR THE SOLUTION OF OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLES.

*Owing to the great popularity of our weekly Cross-word Puzzles, we have decided to give a prize of £2 in connection with each, until further notice. To the sender of the first correct solution of this puzzle which is opened on Monday morning next, January 29, we shall give a prize of £2.*

RULES: A "Sketch" Cross-word Puzzle Coupon (published at the top left-hand corner of page IV) must accompany every solution; with the name and address of the sender clearly filled in. Envelopes must be marked: "Sketch" Cross-word. The Editor's decision is final in all cases, and it is understood that all entrants accept this rule. Owing to official regulations, readers in Scotland and in the United States of America cannot enter for this award.

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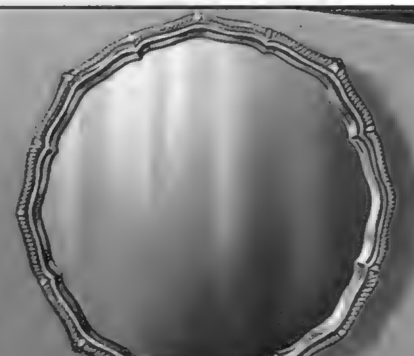

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12 inches £10 . 5 . 0

14 inches £14 . 0 . 0

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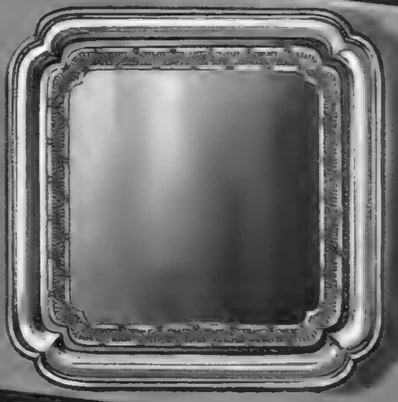

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# FOLLOWING THROUGH.

## By SIR GUY CAMPBELL, BT.

**Golf and "The Sketch."**

Had I ever entertained doubts of the world-wide spell that golf exercises, or of the important rôle that *The Sketch* fulfils in linking golfing communities, these doubts would have been dispelled by correspondence reaching me at unceasing, if irregular, intervals. Of recent examples, the most interesting comes from Durban, South Africa. Here it is—

"*Ryedale,*"
48, *South Ridge Road, Durban,*
*Nov.* 16, 1933.

Sir Guy Campbell, c/o *The Sketch, London.*

Dear Sir,—In, I think, one of the September numbers of *The Sketch*, in an article on golf by you, I saw mention made of a certain brochure on golf by a gentleman resident in Dunfermline, Scotland, of which you had a very high opinion. I wrote the name down with the object of writing to him in order to procure a copy from his publisher. Unfortunately I have mislaid the name. May I encroach on your time and kindness by asking you to forward me his name or to ask the publisher to send me a copy, and forward the account with it? If you only knew how keen I am to improve my game (I gave up polo a year ago, and am now concentrating on golf), I feel sure that you would overlook the liberty I am taking in making this request.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours truly,
Andrew Walbrugh.
(M.D., F.R.C.S.)

**Modern British and American Methods.** The brochure to which Mr. Walbrugh refers, and which I recommended, is the work of Mr. James Currie Macbeth, the Vice-Chairman of the Carnegie Dunfermline Trust, and Honorary Secretary of the Pitrearie Golf Club. Mr. Macbeth set out to reduce to "tabloid"—a term originated and registered by Messrs. Burroughs Welcome, but now an accepted word in the English language—form the teachings of expert amateurs and professionals in Great Britain and America. In the second edition he has succeeded admirably, for he has condensed into forty pages, illustrated with special photographs of Harry Vardon, Compston, Henry Cotton, Duncan, Herd, and Alliss, the fundamental things that govern the effective playing of the game.

**"Above Rubies."** That Mr. Macbeth knows of what he is writing will be clear from the advice he gives to the handicap man and to the beginner. This is what he says—

I would impress on every handicap player that success in golf does not depend on abnormal strength, but on the ability to apply power at the proper moment—*i.e.*, to time the shot. *The very essence of timing is to take time and play well within your strength*—hence the oft-repeated advice, "slow back." Add to this "slow down," or slow return in the first part of the down swing, and timing will be improved. *To the beginner* I would say, the secret of successful golf lies in the swing; so, if possible, get some instruction from a good professional who has the gift of imparting knowledge.

**What the P.G.A. Might Do.** The difficulty in taking advantage of this advice lies in the fact that not every professional has the gift of imparting to others what he does himself. Indeed, I have often myself been instructed—and many of us must have had the same experience—to go through movements that have no resemblance to the swing of our teacher, and can result only in complete disaster. Out of this quandary, surely, the Professional Golfers' Association could deliver us by establishing a School of Instruction with a presiding board of professors—Vardon, Braid, and Taylor would inevitably occupy "chairs"—in which all intending teachers of the art of golf must graduate. Thereafter students of the game would be in clover, for wherever they went they could count on an approved and uniform course of instruction, rather than what in these days they encounter far too often—"a deal o' confused teaching."

**An Interesting Point.** To return for a moment to my correspondent. Such keenness is refreshing, so I have sent him a copy of the brochure, which is published by A. Harris, Ltd., of 72, High Street, Dunfermline, and I hope it may prove a source of inspiration and improvement. His letter raises an interesting point. He says, "I gave up polo a year ago." As a polo player, he should find the golf swing come easily. Why? I think the reason is explained in a conversation I overheard at Woking, when, some years ago, the American Walker Cup team were playing there. I was walking round with John Low, who remarked to me: "Do you notice how uniformly all these chaps swing? They remind me of Hugh Kirkaldy. It 's that marked pivot at the hips that does it, and that 's why they are so straight and cover so much ground with so little apparent effort."

**A Comparison with Polo.** At that moment a spectator—obviously of "horsey" bent—came up to John and said: "I beg your pardon, but I overheard what you said, and would like to bear you out. I 've played a lot of polo in America, and the straightness and power of the leading Americans come from exactly the same cause, the marked pivot in the saddle at the hips." Who our informant was we did not discover. Whether his view was correct I am unqualified to judge, but it seemed entirely logical. I wonder what Lord Kimberley or Colonel "Jerry" Ritson would say to this comparison between the two games?

**The President's Putter.** Heartiest congratulations are the due of Dennis Martin on his victory at Rye, in a "field" of which Cyril Tolley, Roger Wethered, and Rex Hartley were the bright particular stars. The conditions in the final were enough to daunt the boldest spirit; yet "Ham," in beating Hartley, completed fourteen holes in three under fours. A wonderful performance! There is something awe-inspiring in producing golf of this calibre in a hurricane!

*FLOOD-TIME GOLF was "enjoyed" by players on the North Inch Golf Course, Perth! As a result of the heavy rain, the River Tay ran in spate, and parts of the golf course were inundated. These players are on the peninsula part of the course! One is apparently attempting a long putt through an inland sea.*

*HIGH-TEMPERATURE GOLF is illustrated in this picturesque photograph, which shows the sixth green of the Royal Calcutta Golf Course during the final of the Amateur Golf Championship of India, which was won by Mr. H. Graham Smith, captain of the Royal Calcutta Golf Club. Mr. H. Birkmyre was the runner-up.*

# 'ARANDORA STAR'

# APRIL CRUISE

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*Everything in the Entire Stock is offered at a big discount.*

**Hundreds Remnants Lingerie Laces**, both real and machine made. **Remnants exquisite Lingerie Silks** (these silks are absolutely the finest value obtainable). Odd lots Handkerchiefs, Hand Embroidered, from 6 for 9/9. Real Lace Trimmed, from 2/6 each.

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**Crêpe-de-Chine Nightgowns**, from 29/6. Hand-made.

**Parcel of Remnants and selection of goods sent to choose from during Sale.**

*Please state your requirements clearly. Catalogue sent.*

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# PYORRHŒA—what, me?

Why not? Four out of every five over forty have pyorrhœa. Only by daily massage with Forhan's for the gums can you be sure of saving teeth. Pyorrhœa's poison does its work slowly; fifteen years may elapse before its effects show themselves unmistakably; bleeding gums, mouth-taste, bone-decay, general lack of energy. Forhan's used early and regularly will prevent pyorrhœa altogether. Buy Forhan's for yourself; give your family this vital safeguard, too. Of all chemists.

# Forhan's

## FOR THE gums

FORHAN'S LIMITED, ALDWYCH HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2

# GOSSIP FROM THE HUNTING WORLD.

**Letter from Leicestershire.**

All the ponies in the country had a party on the 11th. Well over a hundred flocked into Melton for the Club Rally, and the more Spartan mothers stood in an icy blast and watched their hopefuls perform. A quite alarmingly high standard of riding prevailed, for the course at the Remount Depot was not too simple or small; but this deterred none of the young combatants. Maybe a slight upset of form was caused by a heavy rainstorm, which made it expedient to remove the arena to the covered school; this baffled some of the ponies unused to indoor sports, but the whole show was first-rate. Both cups were won by the Belvoir contingent, owing to the masterly riding of the farmers' sons, though the Cavanagh Camp did great deeds for the Cottesmore and carried off individual prizes. Tea, and a cinema-enlightened lecture by Sir Harold Nutting at Craven Lodge, rounded off a splendid day.

*(Right) MRS. JULIEN LEZARD and her son, the EARL OF RANFURLY, were out when the Quorn met at Great Dalby. Lord Ranfurly, who is the sixth holder of the title, was born in 1913, and succeeded his grandfather in 1933. Mrs. Lezard is a daughter of Sir Daniel Cooper, Bt.*

**Great Dalby Day, etc.** Following a good night's rain, the sun illuminated a fair muster of Quornites at Great Dalby. A moderate morning was spent cl mbing about the Burrough Hills; but it was not without incident, for our best Admiral had a quiet game of cat's-cradle with his horse. The steed, thinking, no doubt, that this was an ingenious form of hobble, luckily did not move. Mrs. Pearce took a cracking "rabbit-holer," but more than that is needed to quell her courage. Other leading ladies bit the dust that day, both Lady Harrington and Mrs. Roland Spencer striking unlucky. Things began to move from Adam's Gorse when a sharp bit of work was put in past Furnessville and quick to Twyford; but it was a Thorpe Trussells fox who sent us all home happy. He picked out the best bits of Friday country by Cream Gorse and Gaddesby, and, though the hounds *might* have had a bit more room, the going was perfect and the ride delightful.

Even better was the hunt brought off by "Les Girls" of the Quorn on their Widmerpool Inn day. After a devastating time of "border hunting," the Curate was called on and found ready with one of the better foxes. Licketty-hoop for Holwell Mouth he went, which is all of five miles and every inch of it good. Unoccupied horses went about in droves, but "the pace was too good to enquire." It is sad to reflect on *how* efficient almost every hunter is, unhampered by its owner !

*When the V.W.H. (CRICKLADE) had their Children's Meet at Down Ampney House, Cirencester, MISS JOYCE KINGSCOTE was acting Master and carried the horn for the day. CAPTAIN M. J. KINGSCOTE, the Master, can be seen in the background, leaning on the rails, with a cigarette between his lips. He is Miss Joyce Kingscote's father.*

**With the Belvoir.** A meet at Landyke Lane makes those old Old Hills inevitable. One of the uglier rushes was made by the field in response to an immediate holloa, and the hounds, in self-defence, divided, the official party going Quornwards, whilst a second lot made off for Holwell. Nothing much came of either of these pursuits, which were followed by a persuasive hunt from "the Mouth" to Harby Hills. Only the stout of heart and horse could stay for the evening entertainment from Hose Thorns; this was a brisk steeplechase to Sherbrooke's, with the Smite thrown in "to taste."

**A "Beaufortshire" Budget.** Well, we 've got going in quite our old style lately, so all we wanted *was* that drop of rain ! Three six-mile points in four days isn't at all bad going. Friday started the run of luck, with a good, dogged, determined sort of fox-chase from Mr. Hall's at Kingrove, out of the vale, and with peeps of the parks, at Dodington and Dyrham, followed by miles of open wall country between Tolldown and Shirehill, hounds being whipped-off at dark from West Kington Wood. Twelve miles or so, with half that for the point, but it all happened rather late for the multitude, who had something to go on with in the morning excursion over the vale, quite fun, if not ultra fast. Our Joint-Master crashed on a tarmac road, but was unhurt, and Mr. Raoul Millais was spilt when his horse collapsed on the flat, twisting a joint.

**Scoring Points.**

Saturday from Lower Stanton had its ups and downs. The drinks were on Sir Philip Hunloke when we killed his pet fox at Cowbridge ! The good hunt from Cream Gorse to Willesley was fast, and fun, but the "continuation" to Estcourt from Roughgrounds was only ridden out by an enduring faction. Still, there it was—another six-mile pointer !

People we are Particularly Pleased to see out again : Mrs. Simon Browne, Mrs. Ralph Spicer, Major Guy Gibbs (now quite himself again), Brigadier Carrington (after missing several seasons), Mrs. Phillipi and the Pink Pony, and, of course, Lord Apsley, home from the long hop. Also the youthful Lord Shelbourne, who is very keen on hunting.

They haven't had much luck on the Top Side lately, and very nearly had a blank day on the Thursday, but an evening fox just saved it. The Masefield reading at Badminton, on behalf of the Gloucestershire Wayfarers, was much appreciated by those invited to listen—and contribute !

**In the "Vale" Country.**

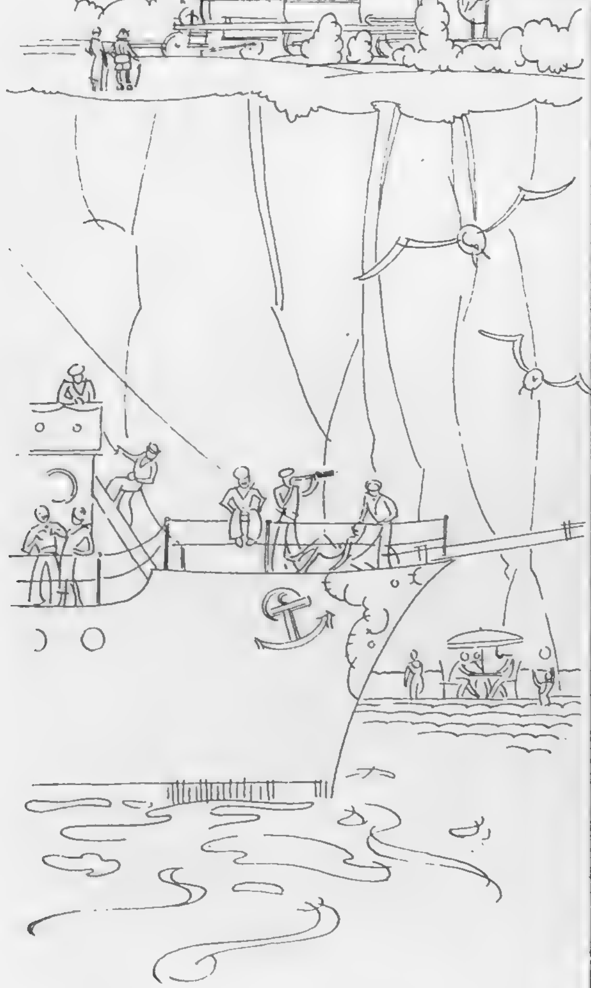
The Tuesday from Jackaments Bottom was crammed with sport and incident. A fox from the "bushey" field near Culkerton Wood took us far, far away, with the wild west wind, into the "Vale" country, from beyond Stadborough, when we soon crossed the frontier and found ourselves at Paradise ! The big ditches in this Friday country of the Earl's caused some trouble to the "walling" horses, who, when they didn't spread themselves, were for trouble — and the country was strewn with wreckage !

The Garsdon brook was only assailed by a gallant handful, the Duke leading well over, followed by Captain Spicer, and a young lady on a skewbald, to whom "hats off !" "Ben Jon" and the old race'oss got to the right side, but only by dint of faithful adherence to the Assheton-Smith axiom ! And it was a cold wind that blew on the wet ! A schoolgirl visitor, Miss Peggy Bishop, became totally submerged, pony and all, and they were only rescued with some difficulty. All this finished by a mill on the brook close to Lea, after a point of between six and seven miles had been made into "foreign" territory. But this was not all the day. Going back to Ashley Marsh, the Duke found a fox and hunted him away over Larkhill and past Culkerton, across the railway, to kill him on the main road from Cirencester between Rodmarton Halt and Jackaments. As if this were not enough, he went on to Trull, found, and hounds ran hard nearly to Hailey Wood, turning back past Jackaments over the V.W.H. border again, and were stopped at dark from Kemble Wood. We hear Miss Joyce Kingscote's effort in hunting the Cricklade was a huge success, and what a tale that will be to "tell Westonbirt!"

# The Sketch Diary of Fashion

EDITED BY

OLIVE CALEY-SMITH



*For cruising—admirably tailored pyjamas in black and white diamond patterned foulard. The neat sports shirt has short sleeves, the slacks open at the side, where they are tied with narrow sash ends, and the accompanying dressing-gown economises in space without sacrificing comfort or charm. The entire outfit folds away in a minute foulard bag and is available from eight-and-a-half guineas at Fortnum and Mason, of Piccadilly, W. The same scheme is carried out in spotted foulards with dark grounds for train travellers.*

GUTMANN

# CASTING SHADOWS

*This is the way we must wear our hats. Either well tilted forward, with the hair dressed in tiny curls across the back, as in the case of the little black satin cap on the extreme left, or set firmly on the head, revealing the hair all the way round, like the colourful trifle in shaded feathers and wide meshed net. This is a Le Monnier model.*

*Gloves are exciting, especially when made in deep colours. Mirande uses green kid for a sac glove with twisted braid encircling the wrist and ending in a whirl on top. Dilkusha favours red leather with corded gauntlets.*

*The flexible metal belt is fastened with metal spheres, and the handbag—so much more elaborate than any we have seen for a long time—is made of beige felt with a silver clasp.*

*These are the important accessories of the moment. They are the shadows cast by coming events. What do they herald for the spring?*

# THE SAC COAT TRIUMPHANT

*Light, warm, luxurious—no woman can resist the beauty of ermine, most flattering of all furs.*

*In the newest deep warm browns at Revillon Frères, of 180, Regent Street, London, W., it takes on an added loveliness. The vogue for sac coats is now firmly established, the newest models falling moderately flat at the back and swinging away from the figure in the front.*

*This line is shown to perfection in the coat on the right at the head of this page. Of ermine dyed to a soft briar-wood shade, the skins are worked horizontally across the shoulders to give a yoke effect. It has tailored revers and subtly shaped sleeves, and the price is 139 guineas.*

*For the same sum one might become the possessor of the other coat on the right. In a slightly deeper shade of ermine, this has a dropped shoulder line and a cravat scarf with the skins worked to form a border.*

*Ocelot is first favourite for informal occasions. With its clearly defined marking it is astonishingly chic, and it is certainly going to be seen a great deal during the coming months. Softer than leopard, it wears well, and is by no means extravagant.*

CANNONS OF HOLLYWOOD

STUDIO SUN

# SHORE-GOING SUITS IN SUNNY CLIMES

*A trio of suits in pastel-coloured Friezaline, ideal for winter cruises or for the early days of spring at home.*

*The girl on the upper deck wears a rose-tint suit with a bow at the throat and wing-shaped empiècements above the waist and at the top of the skirt.*

*Mirror buttons fasten the neatly tailored pearl-blue coat of the girl on the companion-way, and the third costume is designed specially for the rather heavier figure. In beige, the coat has a slanting line across the front, and the skirt has a central panel which hides the slit front.*

*All three can be made to order in the newest colours for six guineas in the Ensemble and Suit Department at Marshall and Snelgrove's, of Oxford Street, London, W.*

**(Standing figure)—**
Very lovely is this slimly-cut gown of rich black silk chenille. Soft epaulettes of ostrich in jade and black outline the shoulders. Originally, it was 19 gns.
SALE PRICE - **12 gns.**
Speciality Gown Dept.

**(Seated figure)—**
For the small woman we have this enchanting dress of heavy silk in a soft shade of red. The cowl-like shawl, attached to the front of the dress, is edged with a skilfully hand-knitted fringe. Originally $17\frac{1}{2}$ gns. With many others it is
REDUCED TO **$10\frac{1}{2}$ gns.**
Small Ladies' Dept.

# IN HARVEY NICHOLS' WINTER SALE

Many charming and unusual fashions, such as those illustrated, are to be found at greatly reduced prices—often half-price and less. Most of them are models you would be proud to wear all the Spring.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., LONDON, S.W.1

# HARVEY NICHOLS OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE

# Buying Bedding?

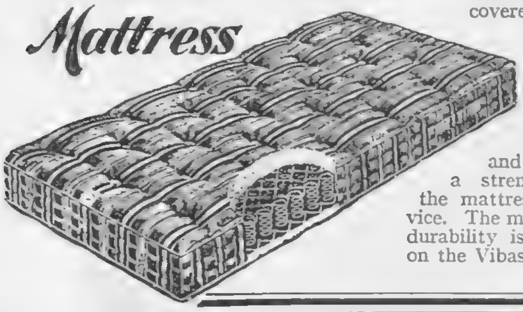
**Because so little of what you buy can be seen the reputation of all 'Vi-Spring' products is your assurance of the quality of the unseen**

## THE Vi-Spring-Vibase COMBINATION

The 'Vi-Spring-Vibase' is the Combination of the World's most comfortable overlay mattress and the most efficient support ever made. The soft resilience of the 'Vi-Spring'—a hand-made mattress throughout—ensures a sense of luxurious ease that quickly induces sound, refreshing sleep.

The 'Vibase' is especially constructed to correctly support the 'Vi-Spring' and enable this mattress to give its maximum comfort and service. It is fully upholstered and is equal in appearance and durability to a box-spring, yet costs practically no more than the inefficient open-spring supports, which, owing to their large open spaces, are unsuitable as a base for any spring-interior mattress. The 'Vibase' has a close, even surface which affords perfect support for the small springs in the Vi-Spring Mattress. Sleep on the Vi-Spring-Vibase Combination and enjoy the world's highest standard of bed comfort.

## The Vito OVERLAY Mattress



Extreme durability and low cost make the 'Vito' the cheapest overlay mattress made. Its spring centre, consisting of hundreds of small springs, is generously covered by layers of soft upholstery. The unique shape and assemblage of these resilient springs ensure comfort far beyond the ordinary, and impart to the 'Vito' a strength which makes it the mattress for real hard service. The maximum comfort and durability is assured when used on the Vibase Mattress Support.

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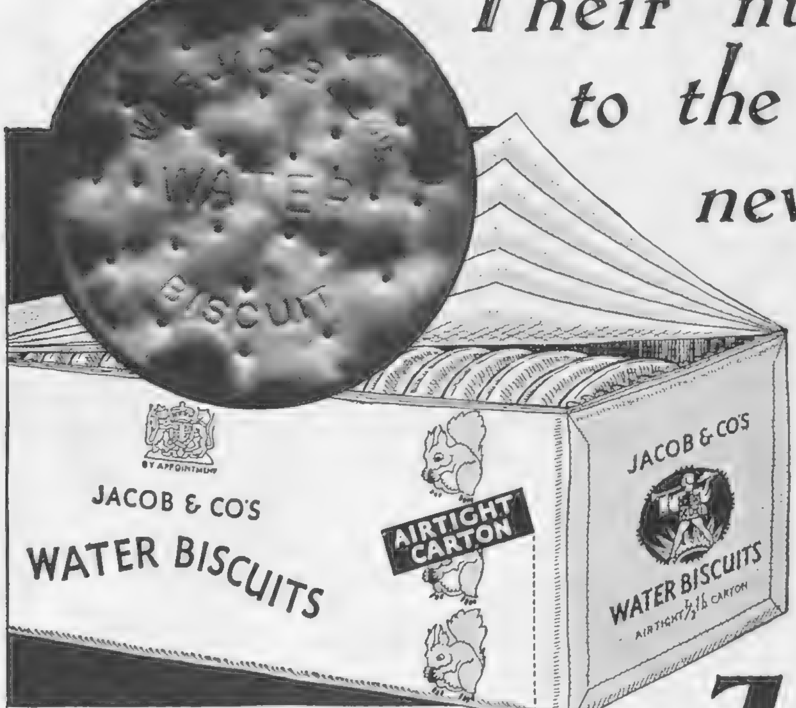
# Their nutty flavour kept to the full in this new Airtight Carton




**Put them together and see what friends they become—Jacob's Water Biscuits and any old (or new) cheese. Each flatters the flavour of the other. Now, in this new airtight carton, they come to you as crisp as though you had just taken a handful from our very ovens! You try them.**

What *is* this airtight carton? Well, first there's a tissue wrapping round the actual biscuits, then a cardboard container. Round this container are two heat-sealed wrappings (a special process) which rigidly exclude air. Finally there's the outside cover. That is how Jacob's keep their excellent biscuits always crisp and in full flavour.

W. & R. JACOB & CO., LTD.

# JACOB'S
## WATER BISCUITS
HIGH BAKED OR ORDINARY

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.—(Continued from Page 168.)

**"As the Unicorn."** Mr. Fedden, too, is a stylist. He writes with such scrupulous care, such strict attention to the lightest cadence of his prose, that a page of "As the Unicorn" has a hypnotic and (if the reader is at all drowsy) a soporific effect. He evokes the atmosphere of the island in the French river so powerfully that it instantly becomes part of one's life: a green lotus-land, where it is always afternoon. London seems colourless by comparison. Mr. Fedden's story is of the slightest. Two cousins are contrasted: Martin, the novelist, owner of the house on the river, whose entire life is planned according to hedonistic theory; and Benjamin, the painter, who floats about at a number of loose ends, unable to concentrate until he falls in love with Miranda, Martin's wife. There were moments in which I found Mr. Fedden's style almost maddeningly smooth and finished, and moments in which his power of seizing upon motives and sensations outside the ken of most novelists commanded my admiration. In the end, admiration triumphed. "As the Unicorn" is a remarkable book, but I hope that in his next novel Mr. Fedden will see life more directly, and not as the reflection of a reflection.

**"The Cruise of the 'Teddy.'"** Let us now turn from fiction to facts, facts which, in "The Cruise of the *Teddy*," certainly justify the proverb, for they are extremely strange. The author, Mr. Erling Tambs, bought a pilot-cutter forty feet long, married a wife, and set sail. His journeys took him across the Atlantic and the Pacific to the South Sea Islands, and eventually to New Zealand. In the course of his travels he took on board a dog, playfully called Spare Provisions, and the crew was augmented by the arrival of two babies, the elder of whom, almost at once, with perfect sang-froid, took on the duties of mate. Mr. Tambs met with many diverting adventures, and ran tremendous risks, all of which he relates with the highest good-humour, and a simplicity of heart which immediately endears him to the reader. Finally Fortune, which had always befriended him, turned traitor. One almost weeps at the loss of the *Teddy*; let us hope that this fascinating log will soon enable its skipper to get his boat, a successor as swift, as staunch, as adventurous, and more fortunate.

### BOOKS REVIEWED.

Family Cruise. By Helen Ashton. (*Gollancz; 7s. 6d.*)
William, or More Loved Than Loving. By Paul Sudley. (*Collins; 6s.*)
As the Unicorn. By Henry Romilly Fedden. (*Macmillan; 7s. 6d.*)
The Cruise of the "Teddy." By Erling Tambs. (*Cape; 7s. 6d.*)

### PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN" (St. James's). 8.30.—Comedy. Edith Evans, Louise Hampton.
"TEN-MINUTE ALIBI" (Haymarket). 8.30.—Thriller. Robert Douglas.
"RICHARD OF BORDEAUX" (New). 8.15.—Historical play. John Gielgud, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies.
"THE ROSE WITHOUT A THORN" (Duke of York's). 8.30.—Henry VIII. brought to life by Frank Vosper.
"THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME" (Queen's). 8.40.—Satirical comedy; with a marvellous part for Marie Tempest.

### PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"ESCAPE ME NEVER" (Apollo). 8.30. —Variation on the "Constant Nymph" theme, to display Elisabeth Bergner.
"AFTERWARDS" (Whitehall). 8.30.—Walter Hackett's farce. Marion Lorne, Ronald Squire, Gordon Harker.
"WHILE PARENTS SLEEP" (Playhouse). 8.40. Farcical comedy.
"FRESH FIELDS" (Criterion). 8.30.—Comedy. Lilian Braithwaite, Ellis Jeffreys.
"REUNION IN VIENNA" (Lyric). 8.30.—By Robert E. Sherwood; with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt.
"THAT 'S A PRETTY THING" (Daly's). 8.15.—Lively musical farce by Stanley Lupino. George Gee; a diamond necklace with several replicas; and theft.
"NICE GOINGS ON" (Strand). 8.30.—Leslie Henson's farce with music; plus Robertson Hare, Zelma O'Neal, Sidney Fairbrother, and Marjorie Brooks.
"NYMPH ERRANT" (Adelphi). 8.30.—James Laver's novel, with music and decoration. Gertrude Lawrence.
"A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN" (Piccadilly). 8.30.—James Bridie's clever play of heredity. Brilliant acting by well-cast company. Ernest Thesiger, Dorice Fordred, Robert Donat, Bruce Belfrage.
"LABURNUM GROVE" (Duchess). 8.30. —Edmund Gwenn, excelling himself in J. B. Priestley's ingenious crook-comedy, lets out his sinister secret in the third act.

We have not included the following entertainments in our formal lists, as they are of a holiday nature: "QUEEN OF HEARTS" (Lyceum); "HANSEL AND GRETEL" (Cambridge). Both are worth seeing.

### FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"I'M NO ANGEL" (Carlton).—Mae West.
"LIEBELEI" (Academy Cinema).—A fine screen version of Schnitzler's famous play.
"THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII." (Leicester Square Theatre). — Charles Laughton reveals the lighter side of history.
"THUNDER OVER MEXICO" (Marble Arch Pavilion).— Beauty and power in Eisenstein's American production.
"THE MASCOT" (Marble Arch Pavilion). —A clever fantasy with a "model" company.
"THE CONSTANT NYMPH" (New Gallery).—Margaret Kennedy's best-seller brought to the screen with beauty and sincerity.

### FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"BROADWAY THRU A KEYHOLE" (Tivoli).—Constance Cummings in a story of night-club life.
"GOING HOLLYWOOD" (Empire).—A crooning extravaganza.
"VOLTAIRE" (Regal). — A typical George Arliss picture finely staged.
"CLIMBING MOUNT EVEREST" (Polytechnic).—Chronicle of the 1933 Expedition.
"LE PETIT ROI" (Rialto).—Robert Lynen on a Ruritanian throne.
"PRENEZ GARDE À LA PEINTURE" (Cinema House).—Well-acted adaptation of the original "Christopher Bean."

Who could tell that I once suffered from

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR?

Now it is gone for ever

LOOKING at me now, with my clear, unblemished skin, who would ever guess that once I veiled my face to hide the hideous growth of ugly disfiguring hair? Yet that is so. For years my life was a misery. As the young wife of an officer in India I suffered the agonies of shame. I had a distinct moustache, almost a beard. Nothing did me any good. Even the expensive, painful electric needle brought nothing but a few days' relief. Always the ugly, disfiguring growths came back again stronger than ever on my face and body. Then, almost in a day, my clouds were lifted in a most amazing way. My husband saved the life of a humble Hindoo soldier. In his gratitude the Sepoy breathed to him the closely-guarded secret of the Hindoo religion, which keeps the women of that race free from any sign of superfluous hair. I tried it in desperation. From that day—now years ago—I have never seen sign of superfluous hair. I watched for it daily for months, never daring to hope that it was gone for ever. But it was! I was cured completely. I was a normal woman again. Since then I have told many other sufferers of my experience, and the secret recipe has never failed. It has brought joy and permanent freedom in every case. If you, too, suffer, let me help you. Let me tell you how I suffered, and let me pass on to you the secret that saved me. I shall gladly send it free if you will send me coupon, or a copy of it, to-day with your name and address, stating whether Mrs. or Miss. All I ask is that you send me three penny stamps to cover my outlay for postage, etc. Address Frederica Hudson (Row H. 52), No. 9, Old Cavendish Street, London, W.1.

**THIS FREE COUPON** or copy of same to be sent with your name and address and 3d. stamps. Mrs. HUDSON: Please send me free full information and instructions to cure superfluous hair. Address: Frederica Hudson (Row H. 52), No. 9, Old Cavendish Street, London, W.1.

*IMPORTANT NOTE.—Mrs. Hudson belongs to a family high in Society, and is the widow of a prominent Army Officer, so you can write her with every confidence to the above address, where she has been established since 1916.*

Bask in the Sunshine of MADEIRA

Under four days' comfortable journey from England. Lovely scenery in a dust-free island where the sun shines all day long, where it's never cold and never too hot. All the year bathing. Casino and constant entertainments. Send card for brochure of the luxurious

REID'S HOTEL

Bedrooms provided with hot and cold running water. Four first-class Tennis Courts. Private sea-bathing. Dancing indoors and out.
Regular sailings by the principal lines, including Union-Castle Line, Royal Mail Line, Blue Star Line, Elder Dempster Line. Royal Netherlands Steamship Co., etc.

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REGULARLY

Cleanse your face thoroughly every night with hot water and **Cuticura Soap**, using plenty of Soap. Rinse with tepid water and finally with cold. When the skin is irritated, gently smear with **Cuticura Ointment.** In five minutes bathe as directed above.

*Sold at all chemists.*
*Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d.*

The Sketch CROSS-WORD COUPON.

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*(See Page 168.)* 24/1/34.

## BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DXXXIX.

THEY ARE *NOT* GAMES APART!

I HAVE received more than one request to devote more of my space to auction. This rather hurts, since I have done my best to make it clear that, when slam and artificial or conventional contract bidding is forgotten, there is no difference between auction and contract. Anyhow, ninety per cent. of what appears here applies equally to both games; how can it be otherwise, when what really matters at bridge—*i.e.*, the play of the cards—is identical, and when, strange to relate, the same common mistake both in play and in bidding is seen in both games? Thus, an original opening bid of two is the most popular; yet this opening is the biggest bidding mistake that can be made! The conventional two-club or forcing two at contract is another thing; this bid means: "Partner, if you 've anything, I have game in my hand." Obviously, that bid is unnecessary at auction. I refer to what is known as the "strong two" at contract and the meaningless two at auction; in my opinion, the bid is meaningless and confusing at both games, and still, as I say, it is the most popular. Once or twice I have asked thoughtful players—by which I mean players sufficiently clever to be able to analyse a situation—to keep a record of the results of their original two-bid openings, and I notice that these players are slowly but surely dropping that bid. I recommend the same course to my readers, and ask them to record the number of times when a two-bid opening has had beneficial results, and then to note on how many occasions the same beneficial results would not have come out of a one-bid opening.

Under the heading "common mistakes" (and popular) at both games, is the informative double. Perhaps once in six attempts this double is effective, but even then it is not really the double that is effective: it is the fact that doubler's partner had a bid, anyhow—but I will allow that on this sixth occasion the double has forced partner into a bid he might otherwise have funked; on the other five occasions the double is a loser and often leads to disaster; how *real* card-players can find an advantage in making a bid that gives no information to partner, and commands partner to reply without authority, is the big mystery of bridge bidding—and yet it is called INFORMATIVE! And the two most common-sense, anti-artificial bidding experts that I know employ this anti-common-sense and artificial expedient. I refer to Colonel Buller and Hal P. Sims. As a bluffing measure pure and simple the double might hold its own at contract—that is, when the doubled bid does not reach game; but then I personally look upon bluff at bridge as a nasty, unsporting business, and, anyhow, the bluff wouldn't work at auction, where any doubled bid may reach game. At the play of the cards the commonest mistakes at both games are twofold. (1) the original lead of an ace (most popular); (2) the drawing of the last and best trump from opponent at the expense of one trump from declarer and one from his dummy. Of late, too, a quaint idiosyncrasy has crept into defensive play. Whatever suit you may discard from, that suit for sure will be led by partner at the first opportunity. You may discard any number of cards from the same suit—still partner will lead that suit—he will kill his own hand to lead that suit! The reason for this play is a mystery; but reason there must be, for it is comical to see with what regularity it occurs; probably it is based on what is known as an "encouraging" discard, the throwing of a highish card as a call for a lead, and partner is firm in his opinion that, whatever you throw first, must of necessity be the suit you want led. To my mind, this "encouraging" discard, except in rare cases—and they are very rare—is one of the most stupid conventions ever evolved; it is, straight away, extravagant and it immediately informs declarer where the danger, if any, lies; like the lead of fourth highest, it is more informative to opponent than to partner. Discarding is, of course, the most delicate affair in defensive play, and it is impossible to lay down hard-and-fast rules for it; but if your partner discards twice from the same suit (and does not play high, low), the chances are that that is the suit he does *not* want led, and most certainly it is madness to ruin your own holding to lead it; yet, as I say, it is the suit invariably led, and here we have another mistake common to both contract and auction!


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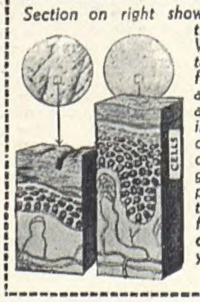


### SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, JAN. 17.

ACROSS.—1. Supreme. 5. Obadiah. 11. Imbecile. 12. Scullery. 14. Heel. 15. Vaguest. 16. Oder. 17. Ella. 19. Adheres. 21. Tees. 22. Angus. 23. Robin. 25. Clear. 28. Deter. 31. Isle. 32. Leather. 33. Seer. 34. Glib. 35. Pigtail. 36. Town. 39. Tattered. 40. Insomnia. 41. Yarmouth. 42. Deceased.

DOWN.—2. Umbrella. 3. Rack. 4. Mallards. 6. Bicester. 7. Dolt. 8. Aberdeen. 9. Tighter. 10. Cypress. 13. Ruler. 18. Angle. 19. Aural. 20. Sober. 21. Times. 24. Fidgetty. 25. Cloister. 26. Regiment. 27. State. 28. Defiance. 29. Resounds. 30. Drunkard. 37. Hero. 38. Tome.

MR. F. J. SMITH, 20, Ernle Road, Wimbledon Common, was the sender of the correct solution of the Cross-word Puzzle in our issue of Jan. 10 to be first opened on Monday morning, Jan. 15. A cheque for £2 has been forwarded to him.

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